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"AS for peace, it is only necessary for your Government to cease to violate or set aside your own Constitution by your attacks on the liberty of the Irish people"—thus Father O'Flanagan's reply to Lloyd George's assertion that the Sinn Fein leader has closed the door to peace. On both sides it is a lamentably weak ending to the parleys. The collapse of the peace negotiations now leaves Ireland in a worse plight than ever, with her complete economic ruin pending—chiefly because the British garrisons are not withdrawn and the stubborn unyielding pride of Lloyd George prevents a real approach to peace. Meanwhile Bishop Cohalan threatens with excommunication those who organize and take part in ambushes, kidnappings, and murders. But the situation gets steadily worse and bloodier. It is guerrilla warfare which is being carried on despite martial law and arrests, despite armored cars, despite a steady increase in the number of the troops. Sinn Fein, Father O'Flanagan declares, is a peaceful political organization using violence only when attacked. It ought to refuse to use violence under any conditions. Passive resistance to violence is the wisest policy for it. That does not mean that the Irish should supinely submit. As one of the earliest advocates of passive resistance put it, "it is a state of activity, ever fighting the good fight of faith, ever foremost to assail unjust power, ever struggling for liberty, equality, fraternity, in no national sense, but in a world-wide spirit. It is passive only in this sense—that it will not return evil for evil, nor give blow for blow, nor resort to murderous weapons for protection or defense." But whether the Irish see this truth or not, help must soon be sent from America for the wounded, the destitute, and the suffering. If the Red Cross continues recreant to its duty a new organization will inevitably arise, and soon, to help Ireland.

"IRISH Rebel Leaders to be Used as Shields"—thus the word from Dublin. No, dear reader, this is not Sinn Fein propaganda; it is official British news. The general commanding the Kerry district is going to place twenty Irish republican leaders "as hostages with all transports moving armed forces of the Crown by road in the martial law areas." Let us see; how long ago was it that we were all execrating the Germans for using as hostages Belgian men, women, and children, at the head of their advancing columns? We all rightly believed that this was pure fiendishness, cowardice, and an incredible inhumanity of which only Huns could be guilty. Does the fact that it is a British general who is today exposing unarmed prisoners to death at the hands of their people make it humane, wise, proper, and in accordance with the best Anglo-Saxon traditions of war-making?

THE embattled Mr. Harding still labors under the delusion that he can find a middle-of-the-road plan which will satisfy the treaty Irreconcilables in the Senate, and yet preserve the treaty and something of the covenant, to please men like Mr. Taft and President Lowell. We venture to predict that he will do nothing of the kind and that Mr. Lodge's declaration that the treaty is dead will prove true. We look now for an attack upon the treaty itself as opposed to the covenant. Heretofore the bitter-enders have chiefly devoted themselves to the League of Nations. The wickedness of the treaty itself; that it spells dishonor to America to accept it; that it must be held chiefly responsible for the collapsed condition of Europe; that it has been breached a dozen times by the Allies themselves as, for instance, by their violation of its obligations in increasing the armies of occupation from 70,000 to 130,000 men—all these things will now probably be dwelt upon by the Irreconcilables. They are no longer in fear of being called pro-German for so doing and they will meet a great popular response if they take this course. That men like Johnson or Borah or even Lodge will accept any modification of treaty or League we regard as absurd. If they do yield to party exigency they will lose their self-respect and the public's belief in their sincerity. If Mr. Harding insists on a compromise, and the twenty or more Irreconcilables stand fast, the Republican Party will be hopelessly split early in March and Mr. Harding's administration ham-strung at the start.

OTHER news from Marion of hopeful import is Senator Harding's repetition of his campaign pledge to urge a new department of social welfare with a Cabinet officer at its head, presumably a woman. It would be a most happy augury if this step forward should be taken as soon as the new Congress assembles. Not that a woman as Cabinet member is an indispensable part of the program. We should, of course, like to see one, but such a department of social justice—if we may revive a much abused phrase—

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needs primarily the most competent person to head it, irrespective of sex. For the moment we hear no further talk of a reorganization of the Interior Department to make it a great engineering and public works bureau combining within it reclamation, irrigation, the Alaskan and Panama railroads, all the river and harbor work now carried on by the army, and all similar activities of our Government now scattered over a dozen bureaus. Originally the plan was to get Herbert Hoover to head this new department, thus insuring its administrative success, its organization on the best possible lines, and the presence in the Cabinet of one of our really "best minds." But talk of Mr. Hoover in the Cabinet wanes regrettably. Indeed, a group of Republican Progressives is at work to prevent his being asked or accepting. They wish to keep him free to be the Progressive candidate for the nomination in 1924—custom forbids a Cabinet officer to compete with a President who desires renomination—and they hope he will head a group of Progressives comprising such men as Gifford Pinchot and Everett Colby which proposes to use its group strength to prevent Hardingism from going too far.

THE whirligig of time has brought forth no more striking circumstance than the union of George Harvey and William J. Bryan in a plea for a referendum prior to a war. Of course, there are certain limitations in Col. Harvey's proposal; the referendum is not to be invoked except when there is a proposal for an offensive war (!). But the fact remains that Colonel Harvey and Mr. Bryan have now been urging upon Senator Harding at Marion the very thing that the pacifists and all true believers in popular government were urging upon Mr. Wilson in 1917. Then it was replied that there could be no referendum as no machinery for taking it existed (there was no trouble in creating a machinery for drafting Americans for the European slaughter) and that, after all, the conduct of foreign affairs must rest with the Executive and Congress—a chief reason was really the knowledge that such a referendum would have proved that the country was as unwilling to go into the war as it was when it elected Mr. Wilson because he had up to that time kept us out of war. This is old straw now. But that the Republican President-elect is reported to be favorably considering the proposal is enough to make any one gape amazed who remembers the fierce outbursts of jingo rage when the referendum was first urged.

AUSTRIA, Bulgaria, Finland, Costa Rica, Albania, and Luxemburg are admitted to the great world league. So far, so good; but a real world league, not under the pocket influence of the great Powers, would not have barred Germany and Hungary, Mexico, Russia, and the Baltic and Caucasian states. China is promoted to a seat on the League Council—a vantage-point whence she can watch the course of diplomatic events touching Shantung with more precision, and, we hope, more effect, than hitherto. This is greatly to the credit of the League Assembly. But the Assembly has also endorsed the anaemic world court scheme which requires no Power to submit its case, and binds no Power to accept the verdict. No, the first parliament of the League of Nations has not lifted the world toward a new era, nor demonstrated that this League can be an instrument of progress. Its most signal failure reveals the rotten core of the League covenant. When the Assembly asked to see the text of the mandates, the omnipotent Council which controls the League bade the Assembly be silent, and refused. And the Assembly had to acquiesce. The world is left confirmed in its suspicion that the term mandate is but a hypocritical cloak for economic colonialism and financial imperialism.

MR. J. M. KEYNES'S review of Mr. Bernard Baruch's book on the Treaty of Versailles is not only as brilliant as all his other writing, but it brings out clearly the fundamental difference in his point of view and of those Americans who apologize for this disastrous bit of peacemaking. Here it is:

> Where is it, then, that Mr. Baruch's conception of the relations of men and nations fails us and dismays us? Because he counts too low the significance of words—of words which he believes will be empty, and of professions which are disingenuous. It is dangerous to treat the living word as dead. Words live not less than acts and sometimes longer. The war, it may almost be said, was fought for words. Our victory raised the prestige of words, and the terms we promised enthroned them. But it was as though with the expiring breath of Germany the curse which had destroyed her was inhaled by those who stood over her. The realism which taught that words were the tool of emperors, not their masters, has won after all, and the spirit which invaded Belgium triumphed in Paris.

That is the true reason for the opposition in America to the whole treaty. If America ratifies the treaty the Kaiser's spirit wins the war; the solemn promise of Secretary Lansing and our Allies to the Germans that peace would be made on the Fourteen Points becomes another scrap of paper. Up to this time the cry of pro-Germanism against all who opposed the treaty has obscured the truth. But it will soon be clearer, just as it is daily clearer that the Reparations Commission—to which Mr. Baruch and others of the American delegation pinned their hopes for revision of the worst of the treaty—"is not functioning and in all probability never will," to quote Mr. Keynes, despite its present activity in hearing the German claims. Finally, Mr. Keynes points out that if we accept Mr. Baruch's conclusion that "one must be either ignorant, vicious, or an impractical idealist" to assert that a sound solution of the reparations problem could have been obtained in Paris, we are forced to believe that wisdom, virtue, and practical idealism dictated an *unsound* solution!

IT is unfortunate that Secretary of Labor Wilson, in ordering the deportation of Mr. Ludwig C. A. K. Martens as the agent of a movement which he held to be a menace to organized government, was forced at the same time to expel the sole representative in the United States of the Government of Russia, the person with whom all diplomatic or commercial business must be done. No evidence was adduced to show that Mr. Martens himself is interested in or engaged in overthrowing the Government of the United States; it has been a matter for admiration that a man in his difficult position should have been able to keep himself so free from equivocal connections with radical organizations, and to stick so closely to his business of attempting to open trade relations. He is not even a member of the Russian Communist Party. His only crime is his official connection with the Russian Government, and to all persons who have been hoping that the United States would eventually recognize that Government and open trade relations, the expulsion of Mr. Martens must come as a final disillusionment. It is a feather in the cap of the noisy followers of Czarism who have worked night and day in devious ways to perpetuate the present misery of Russia by preventing

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relief and trade, and who have supported the continued usurpation of the Russian embassy in Washington by that relic of the old regime who alone can accurately be called the "self-styled" ambassador of the "so-called" Russian Government. We hope that Mr. Martens, who is awaiting instructions from Russia, will carry his case to the Supreme Court of the United States.

WHITEWASH was to be expected from the Naval Court of Inquiry which Secretary Daniels sent to Haiti. Secretary Daniels's attitude throughout, the refusal of the Court to hear some witnesses and its bullying of others, made a whitewash verdict certain. But whitewash of so bare and flagrant a kind as that contained in the report and findings now made public is so arrant a refusal to face facts that it becomes a national disgrace. The navy officials discover only two "unjustifiable homicides" and sixteen other "serious acts of violence" during the entire occupation! They tell us that "in every case the responsible party was duly . . . convicted and sentenced." In direct contradiction of the testimony of the puppet President whom United States Marines installed in office, the Court says that the Haitian people would be unwilling to have the Marines depart. In the face of a period of sustained revolt provoked by American action and without parallel in Haitian history, they tell us that "for the first time in a hundred years tranquility and security of life and property may be said to prevail in Haiti." *The Nation* charges that there has been slaughter of innocent Haitians, torture, robbery, oppression. A Congressional investigation, fearless and searching, will reveal these facts. They are known to every intelligent Haitian and Marine officer in Haiti. In refusing to face these facts, the high officers composing the Naval Court of Inquiry render themselves accessories after the fact to these crimes.

REPUBLICAN promises to repeal war-time legislation are not fulfilled by the Volstead bill which has passed the House and is before the Senate. The Lever law, which in spite of abuses has been useful in protecting the public in its food supply, is eliminated, while the passport restrictions—by which citizens are subjected to an unwarranted expense, delay, and censorship of opinion—remain, as does the infamous Espionage Act. It is true that the latter is suspended for the time, but as its provisions make it applicable automatically in any future war, it obviously remains in our administrative system to be invoked again at the first moment when executive tyranny is likely to want it. Meanwhile the right of free speech is still further invaded by the decision of the United States Supreme Court upholding the Minnesota sedition law, a measure going beyond the Federal act and making it a crime even for a parent to teach a child that one should not aid in carrying on a war. Chief Justice White and Justice Brandeis dissented, the latter holding that the Minnesota law interferes with the rights and immunities of a citizen of the United States which the Fourteenth Amendment specifically undertakes to protect against State action.

BANDITS with pistols and blackjacks invade the Hotel Astor at the dinner hour and hold up peaceable persons in their rooms; bandits kill a jeweler in his office in the heart of New York in the middle of the day; thieves and murderers of all descriptions roam the streets of New York until the city is hardly more safe than a mining camp in the uproarious years. The wave of crime which of course followed the war and which has touched almost the entire civilized world, beats upon New York with particular violence, for the reason that the ancient lawlessness of the city is now allowed to go practically unchecked. If the police system has not utterly broken down, it is at least incompetent and corrupt to an extent hardly to be believed. Offenders are frequently not caught. It is as if the war-time habit of gathering up suspects by wholesale and then sifting them for some one against whom some charge or other might possibly be made, had done away with the detection of specific crimes. Are all the competent detectives away acting as spies and strikebreakers? One thing at least is true. Much of the blame for the disgraceful situation may be laid directly at the door of Mayor Hylan, whose administration has done nothing and appears to intend to do nothing to make the city safe.

THE new spirit of the agricultural consciousness of the nation was evidenced to a marked degree at the meeting of the American Farm Bureau Federation recently held in Indianapolis. The interest of 1,600 delegates from 40 States centered for the entire three-day session around matters having to do with the business side of farming—problems of marketing, finance, credit, revenue, transportation, and tariff. "Production" scarcely showed its head at this gathering. Those present had not come together to learn how to produce more food. They were there to consider from every angle the one phase of agriculture uppermost today in farmer's minds—how to put the age-old industry of husbandry upon a modern, business-like footing. Few persons recognize how effectively farmers are taking hold of what hitherto has been a neglected side of their business. Until comparatively recently the farmer has thought of increased income mostly in terms of larger returns through better methods of cultivation and animal breeding. He has been content to produce and give over into the hands of others the marketing of that which has resulted from his labor. The American Farm Bureau Federation now has a paid up membership in excess of a million farmers, and through it farmers of all organizations have been moulded together into a powerful unit which already has compelled recognition of its right to a voice in matters of far-reaching importance. It is highly significant, therefore, that 1,600 men, representing more than a million actual producers of food products, should come together to talk for three days of such things as taxation, the Federal Reserve system, rural credits, and exports.

THE National Consumers' League has just published the results of its survey of women night workers in the textile mills of Passaic, N. J. The investigation shows the same breakdown in the workers' health, the same neglect of the children and demoralization of family life that was revealed in the League's Rhode Island investigation of 1918. A hundred women workers, taken at random, were visited by the League representative, and storekeepers, petty tradespeople, the superintendent of the largest woolen mill, and the secretary of the Wool Council were all interviewed. Of the hundred women only four were unmarried. The majority were from twenty-five to forty years of age, and had babies varying from one to three years. Thirty-nine of these night workers had four children, while the average was a family of three children, mostly under seven years.

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It is, therefore, the young married women, with young children, who work on the night shift, with a twenty-hour day at their home or in the factory. Of these hundred women over two-thirds felt themselves lucky if they got five hours sleep daily. Women work in the mills on the night shift right up to childbirth. One woman left the mill the day before her child was born, and another only an hour. The most serious aspect of the inquiry is the large responsibility of the Government for the conditions reported. For nearly a year in 1918 the Alien Property Custodian had control of four of Passaic's large textile mills. In December, 1918, all but the Botany Worsted Mill were sold to non-German owners, the Botany being still under the Alien Property Custodian. Two inspections of this mill made by the National Consumers' League, in 1918 and in June, 1920, reveal unbelievable disregard for the workers' welfare. We commend this report to that veteran admirer of the present administration, Mr. Samuel Gompers.

NEWSPAPERS of New York and elsewhere announced recently that Jersey City had established a curfew order barring Negroes from the streets after nine o'clock. The large number of colored unemployed was given as the reason for this discriminatory piece of precaution. The colored citizens of Jersey City were immediate and vigorous in their protest, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People also promptly sending a representative to the scene. But the curfew order was equally agile. It vanished into the night. City officials disclaimed knowledge and responsibility. The Director of Public Safety announced publicly that he was "well aware that such an order would be unconstitutional, tyrannical, ridiculous, and incapable of enforcement," and blamed his immediate subordinate, the chief of police, for acting without authority. It was this same Commissioner of Public Safety Mr. Charles F. X. O'Brien, however, who did not hesitate less than a year ago to promulgate an order that was unconstitutional, tyrannical, and ridiculous when he prevented former Congressman Victor Berger from speaking at a scheduled meeting, and caused him to be deported from Jersey City. The anti-Berger outrage apparently was capable of enforcement. All of which demonstrates the value of militant and organized protest against official injustice.

FROM the American Chamber of Commerce for Brazil in Rio de Janeiro we have received an appeal for aid in raising a fund of half a million dollars as an American gift to our sister republic of Brazil upon the occasion of the Centennial of its national existence, September 7, 1922. With the spirit of this offering we are entirely in accord; we need no statistics showing that we do a billion dollars' worth of business with her a year to move us to approve the proposal. Any chance for an offering of good-will to South America should be jumped at, particularly in view of the disrepute in which we stand today because of our wrong-doing in Haiti and Santo Domingo. But we object to the form suggested for this proposed gift—a monument. The world is far too poor to erect huge statues of liberty or what not. Let the fund be raised by all means, but let the income thereon breed good-will and mutual knowledge by an annual exchange of students and teachers between Brazil and the United States. There is no better way of promoting international amity and good-will. A monument would be mere sentimentality; a living fund would be a blessing perpetually.

NEVER before has the spirit of Christmas confronted such widespread need, nor brought such pressing and bewildering appeals for help. Political intrigues and the bickerings of diplomats have confused and obscured the desperate plight of peoples. France still needs aid. France lay in the tornado's path; she was the cockpit of war. For four years armies marched and counter-marched, and entrenched in the fairest soil of France, and the super-engines of war pulverized what a thousand years had painstakingly erected. The North of France is still in part an area of ruined towns and waste fields. The American Committee for Devastated France, 16 East 39th Street, New York City, is working to give the weakened population an opportunity to start life anew. This is constructive work of the highest order. This is the path that leads directly back to peace and civilization. The million dollars asked is, in these days of billions for armaments, not large. Still greater is the need in Central Europe. There, in Herbert Hoover's words, 3,500,000 hungry waifs sit every day at America's table. America alone in the world is in a position to save them from starvation. Thirty-five million dollars is needed by the European Relief Council, 42 Broadway, New York City. The immense sum is in fact but 5 per cent of America's annual outlay for tobacco, cosmetics, and ice cream soda. But this is more than rescue from starvation; as Hoover put it, "we are today displacing hate in the minds of children with affection. We shall never have peace unless we can eradicate the passions of the last five years from the minds of this next generation." And there are, too, untouched by the great organizations, but reached by the American Relief for Russian Women and Children of 19 South La Salle Street, Chicago, and the American Friends Service Committee, of 20 South 12 Street, Philadelphia, the hungering millions of Soviet Russia. *The Nation's* readers, we are sure, will once more give as generously of their means as heretofore.

THE discovery, in the junk of an old attic, of Cotton Mather's copy of "Saducismus Triumphatus; or, Full and Plain Evidence Concerning Witches and Apparitions"—that savage treatise by Joseph Glanvill which helped Increase and Cotton Mather to stand on the wrong side of the witchcraft controversy—will send many an ambitious collector up-garret again in the dim hope that something precious may have eluded the casual eye. Why has no hocus-pocus ever been invented for the finding of lost books? With a witch-hazel twig you can test the earth for water; with the leg of a daddy-long-legs you can find out where the cows have gone; at the right quarter of the moon, with the proper ceremonies, you can dig for hidden treasure with the confident hope of finding it—if nothing happens to defeat your expectations. But with books the thing is different. There is, of course, the golden incantation practiced and encouraged by such wizards as the late George D. Smith; but not many collectors can contrive that. There is also the long, long trail of the insatiable hunter who can give hours a day to the felicity of such research; but he, too, is a creature already rare and growing rarer. And there is the maddening luck of the man who finds great treasures without really looking—the man all true collectors disapprove of and envy. But the unfound secret, the adequate alchemy, the authentic witchery by which precious volumes may be discovered according to a system like that with which men break the bank at Monte Carlo—it still delays and no desire has brought it.

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Disarm!

AT last sanity in things military and naval seems to be returning. After four years of preparedness mania and war orgy the country is awakening to the inescapable fact that the huge sums it is spending for wars past and future are bringing it to the very verge of bankruptcy. Those numerous American business men who have been about driven to despair in the effort to pay the fourth instalment of the income tax, on December 15, and the thousands who have been utterly unable to pay it, are reduced to these extremities chiefly because of the demands of the army and navy budgets. If all the reforms urged by President-elect Harding for the modernizing of the Government's business machinery were carried out, if efficiency by some magic were to be established over night in all the departments at Washington and every Government employee gave one dollar's worth of service for every dollar received, the net saving would be hardly noticeable in the budget which Secretary Houston calls for, of four billions. For the simple truth stands out that according to an official publication more than 92 per cent of the Government's expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30 to July 1, 1920, went for pensions, the care of the disabled, the army and the navy.

So there is no worth-while cut possible save in the army and navy expenditures. But what does the Wilson administration advocate? Why, Secretary Daniels declares that it will be "a crime" if we do not go on building the greatest navy in the world provided we remain out of the League of Nations. If we enter it, the present fleet of 1,000 vessels must be kept up, he insists. On Wednesday of last week he denounced Senator Borah's proposal for a joint conference of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan to cut all warship building by fifty per cent. This the Secretary of the Navy declared to be little short of treason. On Thursday, however, he recalled the fact that in 1916 Congress passed the Hensley Resolution, appropriating the money necessary to send nine American delegates to an international conference to discuss the limitation of fleets. But the latest winner of the Nobel Peace Prize and his Cabinet have forgotten all about this; they have gone on threatening America with the burden of the greatest navy in the world as a club to drive the country into the League, while at the same time declaring that membership in that League will in no wise decrease our existing intolerable waste of treasure and of natural resources in coal and oil for a fleet which today constitutes the greatest menace to our friendly relations with Japan and Great Britain. Let no one deny this fact. The threat of the American fleet to England has been the theme of a violent daily discussion in the English press for the last ten days and also in Parliamentary circles. The British Cabinet, it is authoritatively stated, will plan its building program according to ours. At present it is building only six destroyers to our sixty-one.

Historically, England has for three decades past held that her fleet must equal the joint fleets of the two nearest rival Powers. As long as the present forces control her public life her policy of the greatest navy in the world will prevail despite the fact that England, too, is in a perilous financial position and that no one knows what kind of a workable budget Lloyd George will be able to produce in March next. A race between the United States and Great Britain as to which shall have the greatest navy on the globe can only have one outcome—war between the two countries, precisely as the naval rivalry between Germany and Great Britain would have led to war even if Austria had not attacked Serbia. Lord Fisher officially urged in peace time an attack upon the German fleet without warning and without a declaration of war. Some future Lord Fisher or some future American admiral will advocate a similar move on New York or London. As for Japan, Viscount Ishii's solemn statement at Geneva that it is useless to ask Japan to reduce her military or naval forces while the United States increases hers, tells the story. Almost daily the cables report the use the Japanese jingoes are making of the threat of our fleet to little Japan. There are, of course, other notes. Thus the friendly Osaka *Mainichi Shimbun* urges the abolition of the fleets of both countries and the application of President Monroe's Canadian policy by both nations, the United States and Japan.

Fortunately, the sound sober sense of America is beginning to manifest itself. Every thinking man knows that in keeping up a fleet we are preparing to fight Japan and Great Britain, for there are no other warships left in the world—France's navy need not be considered. Major-General Bliss sees that the first step must be taken by giving up our army. Senator Walsh wants us to confer on disarmament with the League of Nations. Senator Borah urges the practical step of an immediate conference between the three naval rivals for a vacation in warship building—we wish he had dared to come out for a complete scrapping of all fleets. In Congress, there is the growing determination to cut the army estimates to pieces. Congressman Mondell, the Republican leader, is naturally outraged that two years after the war to end war Congress is asked by Secretary Baker, an erstwhile charter member of the League to Limit Armaments, to grant to the War Department $615,000,000 *in excess of existing appropriations* for the coming fiscal year. Mr. Mondell not only proposes to reject this demand for more money; he intends to give Secretary Baker $200,000,000 less than he got for the current fiscal year. Mr. Baker's standing with Congress is not improved by the fact that he, as Mr. Mondell puts it, is so "contemptuous of Congress" that he "has been spending money not authorized by Congress"; that he is about to ask for a deficiency appropriation for 1920-1921, estimates as to which range from $60,000,000 to $90,000,000. Senator McCumber declares that by June 1 the Treasury's deficit will be not less than two billions of dollars and that there will be no money for a single new project. Appropriations, he warns, must be cut to the bone.

Even more important is the fact that the business men the country over, as well as its conscience, are being heard from in Washington. As economic reasons—according to President Wilson—brought on the war, so economic reasons are compelling us to retrace our steps toward the historic policy of an unarmed America. *The Nation* admits it would be better pleased if this return were due to conscience, to brotherly love, to religious scruples, to a realization that our grounding of arms would do infinitely more to make us friends in South America, in Japan, and England, or on the Continent than our entrance into a dozen peace leagues. We are nevertheless profoundly grateful and profoundly encouraged because, whatever the reason, sanity shows itself once more.

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Our Industrial Anarchists

THE fight against the unions has entered a stage of appalling and sensational frankness. Thanks largely to the courageous persistence and the remarkable penetration of Mr. Samuel Untermyer, counsel to the Lockwood Committee in New York, the leading anti-union strategists themselves have told the public a brazen story of their cold-blooded efforts to crush the very life out of the trade union movement in this country. Charges that have been made in *The Nation*, in the Interchurch steel report, in various radical publications, and by labor leaders, are now being verified in startling detail by the industrial chiefs themselves and published verbatim on the front page of every great newspaper. The evidence is piling up to form a tremendous indictment of our whole industrial system. The leading builders in New York assert on the witness stand that they cannot get structural steel because Mr. Schwab and President Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Company—in agreement with the United States Steel Corporation and other large steel fabricators—refuse to sell to builders who employ union labor. President Grace next takes the stand, and after employing the tactics of a football player carrying the ball down a slippery field behind a weak interference, finally allows himself to be tripped by Mr. Untermyer's agile questions and admits that the open-shop policy of the Bethlehem Steel Company has resulted in a decision to sell only to those builders in New York and Philadelphia who maintain a strict anti-union policy—even if this means that not another house goes up. Next comes a complete unearthing and laying bare of the spy system employed in the steel mills by the man who acts as chief of the steel trust's intelligence service, Robert J. Foster, a gentleman with an unsavory record, who has asserted loudly that he is ready to go to jail for his "ideals." And at the same time lavender water is sprayed over the whole nauseous business by a disinterested minister, Mr. E. Victor Bigelow, who attacks the Interchurch report and supports the steel companies with such infinite discernment that Mr. Gary has written him a letter thanking him for his "trouble" and asking if he objects to having his address "printed and widely circulated" by the Steel Corporation.

As Americans we are accustomed to seeing a certain amount of drapery on the bare bones of truth, and the spectacle presented to us by the Lockwood Committee is a bit startling. It sheds light on the intentions not only of the steel companies but of other industrials as well. If the employers in the garment industry in New York would talk in the same unvarnished terms as the witnesses called by Mr. Untermyer, we should hear a similar demand: "Smash the unions though production cease." Fortunately the garment manufacturers have further to go, for the hold of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union on the industry and on the loyalty of the workers is deep-rooted. The employers by abolishing their own board of labor experts and the system of impartial arbitration, by refusing the union's suggestion of a joint committee to look into the condition of the industry and to set standards of production, have forfeited every claim to public sympathy. To be sure this is a bad season for the garment manufacturers. By indecent profiteering for years they have educated the public to the point of doing without new clothes. This general refusal to buy, coupled with the financial stringency, has caused a collapse which may well necessitate a considerable temporary slackening of production. But this slack season, inevitably hard on the hundreds of thousands of workers in the needle trades, has been seized upon by the employers to injure them still further—to break down the standards they have laboriously won, to crush their organization.

The clothing manufacturers, like the steel manufacturers, do not want organizations of workers. They are, if it is not an unfair use of a much-abused term, simply anarchists. They are anarchists who believe in the overthrow of industrial government by force and violence. While we recognize that the unions are very far from perfect and that there are Brindells in more than one powerful labor organization, we recognize also that in the long run unionization of industry means, or should mean, governed industry—it has meant this in the clothing industry. It means shop committees, joint boards, impartial arbitrators, standards of production. It means conferences, hearings, negotiations. It means, in short, a continuous tedious interference with the right of a boss to do as he likes with his own shop and his own men. For years before the Amalgamated came into power the clothing industry was an uncontrolled chaos. Only in the last few years, through the growing power and sense of responsibility of the unions, has the industry assumed some semblance of order. Less than a year ago, at one of the most remarkable labor conventions ever held in the United States, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers adopted a resolution taking upon themselves the responsibility for the welfare not only of the workers but of the industry itself. Said Mr. Schlossberg, the secretary of the union, at the convention:

> It is our business to set things straight in the industry. . . . The industry is ours. It yields us our livelihood. We can have no chaos in it except to our own injury. . . . The masters of the industry only created chaos, disorder, and waste. We, the organized workers, are a collective body, with a oneness of interest that is perfect and complete. Within the past few years we have brought into the industry a degree of order that is amazing in so short a time. Whatever constructive work there is yet to be done must be done by us, by our organization. No one else will do it. . . . The problem of standards is ours. We cannot evade it.

It is the spirit embodied in these words that the employers of the New York clothing trade desire to crush. They hide the truth with much talk of the "open" shop, of the value to the individual worker of piece work, of production—production, at a time when they cannot sell their goods—but it has become plain what they fear; they fear both the sense of power and the sense of responsibility expressed in the words: "The industry is ours." Their fear is natural and arises from an instinct of self-preservation unmodified by any concern for the public. It is the same instinct that drives the coal operators in West Virginia to stand the unions off at the point of a gun—though the people get no coal; that induces the steel operators to use their tremendous monopoly power to crush unionism in and out of their own industry—though the people get no houses. It is the same instinct that has created the "open" shop campaign in almost every city in the country, aimed to crush unions whether they have demanded a union shop or not. Like the bulk of the employers of the country, the clothing manufacturers of New York prefer chaos and autocratic control to union power and a governed industry.

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Magellan

THE celebration of centenaries is becoming as common as the phonograph and sometimes as uninspiring as the cash register. But with all our observances we of the United States are apparently passing over unnoticed an achievement which is worth a thought between the soup and the fish, even in our crowded lives, even though it happened four hundred years ago. We have left it to Chile, which has just had a celebration, and to the Philippines, which will have one toward spring, to call back out of history the figure of Fernao de Maghalaes, by us called Magellan, one of that great trio of discoverers—the others were Columbus and Vasco da Gama—to whom it was given to change the geography of the world as it has been given to no other men since "the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." The feat of Vasco da Gama in finding a path to the East around the Cape of Good Hope had greater effect upon the commerce of his day, and Columbus must always be the supreme figure among America's discoverers. But Columbus, of course, discovered the New World by accident, and, had it not happily intervened, could never have reached his sought-for India. Magellan's circumnavigation of the globe stands as the greatest voyage ever achieved, and even though he was killed in the Philippines, he had actually encircled the world at the time, having overlapped the longitude he had then reached on a previous trip to the East Indies from Europe.

What must have been the sensations of the little fleet when after long search it had finally found and traversed the tortuous passage which Magellan called the Strait of the Eleven Thousand Virgins—since rechristened after him—and emerged into the mighty ocean that he named the Pacific! For ninety-eight days they sailed its trackless waters. They had no fresh provisions, little water and that bad, and a scant supply of spoiled biscuit; the ravages of scurvy were frightful. But Magellan "would push on if they had to eat the leather of the rigging." They virtually came to it; oxhides, sawdust, and rats became the diet before they reached our own Guam in the Ladrone Islands.

Magellan made the world bigger than until then men had even dared to imagine it; we have been contracting it ever since. Railway, steamship, cable, and airplane have joined in a conspiracy to shrink its vastness and betray its mystery; its most secret plans have been immediately exposed; even the North and South Poles have finally capitulated; all has been card-catalogued and indexed. The navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—those men of great adventures, vast imaginings, and mighty oaths—are gone; they seem to have taken their savor with them, even to their mighty oaths, which have latterly become conventional and perfunctory. But is the day of world discovery passed? The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries enlarged the world extensively; we are enlarging it intensively. The microscope has displaced the telescope; the laboratories of the physicists and chemists have become our fields of exploration. Out of their patient preparation who dares limit what is to come? No man can ever again be the first to encircle our earth, but there is still the chance to be the first to go through it diametrically; and some future Magellan may use this bit of terra firma as a mere hangar from which to fare forth among unknown suns and undiscovered worlds in the circumnavigation of the universe.

Olive Schreiner

OLIVE SCHREINER'S literary fate was that of most colonials. Having begun her career with an imaginative work of rare power and promise, she subsequently found herself involved in a world of controversies and public services which robbed art to pay propaganda. The causes she espoused were indeed noble: she defended the Boers in the war which England made upon them—as did Lloyd George in those so different days—and she became one of the most important of all the feminists who helped inter the Victorian woman in that quaint cemetery now watched over by such archaic monuments as Tennyson's Princess and Dickens's Dora and Thackeray's moist Amelia. "Woman and Labor" as a document will probably outlast "An English South African's Views of the Situation," but it was rather "The Story of an African Farm" which came to mind on the news of Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner's death, December 12, and it is undoubtedly by that book that she will be longest remembered.

That such a novel should have been written by a girl still in her teens is marvel enough, undiminished by the fact that George Meredith advised her in the revisions she made before the book was published in 1883, when she was still but twenty-one. Youth is the source no less of its merits than of its defects. Certain romantic elements in it remind us that its author, lacking any larger experience of the world, leaned upon literary conventions of the moment—particularly in the love affair of Lyndall and her mysterious, fatal stranger. Here and there something turgid in the style points also to the confused passions of immaturity. For the most part, however, youth helps, not hinders. The book has the vividness of observation and the directness of speech that betoken a candid girl. To represent such landscapes as hers one must but recently have discovered the charm of veldt and kopje and karroo and kraal and sloot, and have taken young vows to celebrate them. To trace such spiritual perturbations as those which mark the career of Waldo from the boyish extravagance of his faith to the equally boyish impotence of his doubt, one must recently have made the same pilgrimage in the passionate seriousness of youth. To put so much energy into the heresies held and practiced by Lyndall, one must have been using a critical intelligence newly aroused to the injustices of the social order.

As critic, though Olive Schreiner touched numerous themes in "The Story of an African Farm," she was most concerned with the status of women—thus anticipating her later career as feminist. Against the Victorian heroine, Lyndall is thoroughly in revolt. George Eliot had shown that heroine rebelling half blindly against inevitable circumstances; George Meredith had shown her taking them ardently into her own hands and flaunting the way of the little world; Thomas Hardy had seemed to argue that women, instead of being the tender creatures approved by Victorians, were instead to be regarded as forces of nature, instinctively breaking the laws of society and yet themselves broken by them. Lyndall is another kind of rebel, a rebel who thinks. She is like Mary Wollstonecraft, boldly demanding for women the right to equal education with men, equal control over person and property, equal comradeship. By her intelligence she forecasts the young women of the present generation as does hardly another heroine in English fiction before 1890.

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The Great Building Conspiracy

By VAN NESS HARWOOD

AN investigation under way in New York City by the Joint Legislative Committee on Housing to determine the underlying reasons why housing construction has fallen off, has developed a series of indisputable facts so sinister and astounding as to shake profoundly one's faith in our political structure and in American business morality. It is conceded that the alarming conditions uncovered in the Empire State prevail to a lesser degree in large cities in other States and a Congressional inquiry seems inevitable.

The Joint Legislative Committee—or Lockwood Committee, as it is better known—is proceeding under a concurrent resolution adopted at the extraordinary session of the legislature called by Governor Smith to pass remedial rent legislation. The New York *World* is responsible for the resolution, having forced it through the legislature following a campaign it has waged against the Building Materials Trust since July, 1919. Samuel Untermyer, an attorney of national reputation, had stated publicly that he would smash the combine if vested with proper authority, and the *World* made an arrangement with Senator Charles C. Lockwood, chairman of the committee, whereby he agreed to appoint Mr. Untermyer chief counsel and give him full sway if the resolution could be put through. Mr. Untermyer, considering the work a public duty, made the one stipulation that he serve without fee.

The committee began its hearings October 20 and since that day each session has brought to light some nefarious method by which the public has been fleeced, house construction has been bedeviled until it has virtually come to a standstill, and prices of materials have been advanced to hitherto unheard of levels. Ample proof has been spread upon the records to show that the wealthiest and most powerful building corporations in America have given crooked and unscrupulous labor leaders wholehearted encouragement and support, while these followers of Judas not only robbed builders with thoroughness and precision, but mulcted the hard-working members of their own unions out of vast sums. That these great pillars of our economic society, controlling untold millions (of other people's money) and posing as honorable men, could have brought themselves to enter upon and pursue this unspeakable course is almost beyond belief. But they did and the day of reckoning is near.

It is needless to say that no such conspiracy as this, conceived of the war and born in greed, could withstand the light of publicity, and it is a pleasure to state that it has been thoroughly disrupted. Much remains, of course, to be done, but a remarkable start has been made, and in an incredibly short space of time. Within the two months collusion between captains of capital and leaders of labor has been stopped, permitting builders to press their construction unmolested. Fifteen combinations of manufacturers and contractors have been disrupted, and for the first time since 1916 actual competition prevails in these trades. Matched bidding, by which a great, golden harvest was reaped from municipal and private fields, has been done away with and the chief materials used in the building of homes and business structures have fallen 30 per cent in price.

Documentary and other evidence shows that this systematized robbery was made possible by secret agreements entered into between the Building Trades Employers' Association and Robert P. Brindell, president of the Building Trades Council; a code of practice plan originating in the fertile brain of John T. Hettrick, attorney for the limestone, heating and ventilating and plumbing contractors, and a "quotation card" system, devised by wholesale dealers in building commodities. These three devices interlocked and brought wealth to their operators. But they made Brindell, labor leader, czar of the building world and gave him a throttle-hold on construction in New York. It might be remarked in passing that Brindell and Hettrick are now at liberty on $100,000 bail each; that sixty-five indictments have been returned against the conspirators, and that the bail exacted is in the neighborhood of $1,000,000.

The Hettrick and Brindell exposures were made at the opening session of the committee. The Hettrick matter attracted the greater attention momentarily because the lawyer had so juggled the limestone bids for the proposed County Court House that the city would have lost upwards of $1,000,000 had the deal gone through. This was a large operation for Hettrick, but the total in money was small when the aggregate of other contracts engineered by him is taken into consideration. He was a bit careless, a reporter detected the flaw, and the undoing of Hettrick followed.

The "code of practice" scheme was simple enough to work well. Hettrick first combined the contractors in a given trade. Then he took the estimates for a given job and raised them. The builder accepted the lowest of the raised bids and the trick was done. A pink, green, and numerical card system served to befog the curious. For his work Hettrick received 1 per cent of the gross on all business, and 3 per cent was split among the unsuccessful bidders. The lawyer always designated who should do the work, apportioning the jobs to suit himself. As the successful bidder on a $100,000 job, for example, would receive $25,000 more than the job was worth there was no occasion for grumbling.

When it came to letting the lucrative Court House contract a slight deviation in plan was made. Nine members of the limestone ring were selected to share the loot. Carefully prepared estimates indicated that the work could be done for around $1,000,000 and leave a reasonable profit. For good measure the nine raised the estimate to $1,663,165 and turned it over to Hettrick. He promptly boosted the price to $2,372,000, which so delighted the contractors that they awarded him 3½ per cent of the gross. Then they set aside 1 per cent additional for members not in the deal. In childlike faith the Board of Estimate accepted the figure and sent the contract along for Mayor Hylan to sign. His pen was poised when the explosion occurred.

This exposure led to an investigation of all schoolhouse contracts, of which $1,445,236 are outstanding, and a close scrutiny of other city contracts aggregating $61,149,265. Hettrick's "clients" had a hand in many of these and the Board of Estimate worked itself into a highly nervous state. Some of its perturbation came from a suspicion that Mr. Untermyer might peer into city departments and expose the whole administration.

As a passing incident in this phase of the inquiry it de-

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veloped that Hettrick had considerable influence at City Hall. In February, 1919, when he desired for the benefit of certain "clients" that schoolhouse trim be changed from terra-cotta to limestone, he wrote a letter to Mayor Hylan, practically ordering the change made. He instructed the Mayor to forward his letter to the proper city authorities, and that obliging official went him one better. He had Hettrick's orders copied verbatim on his own official stationery, signed the letter as his own, and sent it along. With great promptness the substitution was made and the city may have lost heavily. Now the Mayor says he "wouldn't know Hettrick" if he "saw him on the street."

It was some days before Mr. Untermyer discovered where Brindell got his power. He had all the union labor in the city under absolute control. But this did not provide it. Quaking, terrorized witnesses told of graft extorted; prominent builders hesitatingly related how strikes had been called and maintained until they had met Brindell's insatiable demands for "berries," as he called thousand-dollar bills, and house-wreckers whispered of jobs filched from them to be given to some more generous favorite. But not one could, or would, tell how this man of heavy jowl and dominant personality obtained and kept his vise-like grip. Little by little, however, the tale was unfolded. December 17, 1919, the Building Trades Employers' Association entered into an agreement with Brindell's Building Trades Council, whereby the association members were to use none but Brindell workers and the Brindell men were to work for no one not a member of the association. This eliminated from the building field the few independent contractors remaining.

With this club in his hands Brindell set out to extort heavy graft and in a few months he had laid away enough to keep the wolf from the door for some time. What per cent of the victims was haled before the committee no one will ever know, but it was a small per cent. Twenty-one builders and contractors, some of them affiliated with the Building Trades Employers' Association, reluctantly admitted that they had paid $131,871 to get back on their jobs men out on strikes, or for "strike insurance." Others told how they and the poorest of paid day laborers had contributed $113,000 which went for "initiation" fees or "privilege to work" cards. These fees were exacted before Brindell would permit house-wreckers affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and whom he had summarily ousted to make room for unions of his own, to work at their trade. The contractors always submitted to a levy for "initiations," but called on the laborers to pay for "permission to work" cards issued by Brindell. Ten dollars a week was taken from the wages of these men so long as they labored and each Saturday the cash was handed over to Brindell's agents. Many of these cards have been put in evidence.

The "initiation" fees, which ran from $50 to $75, were paid without question by some of the country's foremost builders, once they became convinced of Brindell's power. "Strike insurance" came quite as easily from their pockets. If they were a bit backward when advised to "see Brindell" the "pulling" of their jobs quickly brought them to time. The strike tolls exacted ran from $32,000 paid by Hugh S. Robertson, of Todd, Irons & Robertson, to $200 given to Brindell by Israel Goldstein, a house-wrecker with a small business. A number of payments of $25,000 in cash—Brindell always demanded cash—were made by responsible citizens who knew that they would otherwise be ruined.

During the second week of December Mr. Untermyer showed the other side of the picture. It was established that the United States Steel Corporation and the Bethlehem Steel Company, in their fight against union labor, have refused to permit structural steel bought from them to be erected in New York or Philadelphia unless the work is done by non-union men. These great fabricating concerns insist that their product can be handled only by members of the Iron Erectors' League Association, an organization committed to the fight against labor and favorable to the steel trust if not wholly controlled by it. The names of Charles M. Schwab and Elbert H. Gary were frequently mentioned in the testimony. In this fight the public is an innocent spectator and has the privilege of paying the bills. Mr. Untermyer declares that this highhanded arrangement constitutes a conspiracy punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Manufacturers and wholesale dealers who used "quotation cards" as a means of raising prices and maintaining them at fictitious levels were so successful that costs have been elevated all the way from 100 to 300 per cent. The latter figure is most conservative. In an effort to evade the laws covering criminal conspiracy, prices were never "talked," but the cards were available at the headquarters of numberless associations and luncheon clubs that "competitors" might not go astray in marking their goods or estimating on contracts.

Any member daring to undersell another, or underbid on a contract, was fined, suspended, or expelled. If expelled, labor refused to work for him and that is where the arrangement between the Brindell Council and the Building Trades Employers' Association to which all belonged came into play. For instance, a marble dealer not a member of the Marble Industry Employers' Association, which in turn was a member of the Building Trades Employers' Association, or an expelled member, could not set one foot of marble in the United States unless he employed non-union labor. There is none of this among marble workers in New York City, and little in the country. Outside the metropolitan district control is vested in the National Association of Marble Employers. A number of the contracting associations doing a "cost plus" business entered into labor union arrangements of their own whereby they contracted to pay slightly advanced wages. They then agreed among themselves to charge builders an increase of from 50 to 80 per cent for this labor. By way of illustration, the marble men paid $16 a day wages to a setter and his helper. They then sold this labor for $25.75 a day. Of course the men who did the work knew nothing of this arrangement.

Within the last three weeks the Cut Stone Contractors' Association and the Masons' Supply Bureaus have disbanded. The limestone, marble, plumbing, metal lathing, fireproofing, wrought pipe, heating and ventilating and fire extinguishers' combinations have dissolved, and the cement, sand, lath, and plaster trusts have collapsed. They will never be revived if legislation proposed by Mr. Untermyer is passed at the forthcoming session of the New York legislature.

The sand trust has been exceptionally strong. Practically every grain used for building in New York comes from the pits of three concerns and is sold through five wholesalers. The price has been jumped from 75 cents a cubic yard to $3.50. The Munson Steamship line which brought 1,500 tons in ballast from Holland was unable even to give it away. The cargo was finally taken to sea and dumped at a cost of $2,500. Portland cement is held as closely. Where it for-

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merly cost 95 cents a barrel, its price up to the time the committee became active was $5. Brick went up from $12 a thousand in 1914 to $32 and was on its way to $56. It is now $15. It used to cost $75 to transport a barge of brick from Albany to New York. The price is now $300 because one firm, the Cornell Towing Company, controls all the Hudson River work. Three tugs, with a fleet of barges, earn at the rate of $10,000 a day.

The committee was taken lightly at first by the malefactors, but it is not now. They and the public generally have found it means business and that wealth and influence —political or otherwise—counts for nothing. Mr. Untermyer saw at the outset that criminal prosecutions would be necessary and he organized a competent staff. He invited Leonard M. Wallstein, counsel to the Citizens' Union, to become his chief aid and brought in a dozen enthusiastic young attorneys who had made enviable records in the District Attorney's office when that highly important department meant something. Deputy Attorney General Samuel A. Berger has been assigned to the committee, three grand juries have been pressed into service, and it is not unlikely that the United States Senate Committee on Reconstruction will join hands with the Lockwood Committee. This will make it possible to reach with subpoena a large colony of eminently respectable citizens who have seen fit suddenly to transfer their residences and themselves to Atlantic City and other points outside the state.

Early in January, after the committee has been reappointed and given broader powers, Mr. Untermyer will seek to show that life insurance companies and savings banks should be compelled to invest a substantial per cent of their future investable income in improved real estate mortgages, instead of so large a proportion in Wall Street securities. This would relieve the mortgage market, and, with building materials back at a normal level, building operations on a large scale would be possible. The city is short 125,000 apartments and the health and morals of the residents have thereby been impaired.

During the winter the counsel will draft a report which will suggest remedial legislation. He feels that if his bills are enacted into law present conditions will not return and that the housing situation will be speedily and permanently relieved. Mr. Untermyer is in the midst of a great work. The public may have faith that it will proceed to a conclusion in the brilliant and masterful way that it has progressed up to now. He deserves unstinted public confidence and support.

Contributors to This Issue

VAN NESS HARWOOD, the reporter on the New York *World* who "covered" the stories relating to housing shortage, has been an important factor in bringing to light the conditions which have throttled building construction.

RICHARD MAI was chief political editor of the *Vossische Zeitung* till 1917, when he resigned his position in protest against the U-boat policy. He is at present one of the editors of *Das demokratische Deutschland.*

JOSEPH GOLLOMB is a New York journalist and author.

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL is an eminent Austrian poet and dramatist whose prose, though not widely known, is as notable as his verse.

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Germany and the Hohenzollern

By RICHARD MAI

ANY attempt to understand political developments in Germany must be grounded in a clear realization of the distinction between the monarchical idea itself and devotion to the house of Hohenzollern. The monarchical idea has remained untouched in the hearts of a large part of the German people, the national character changing slowly and unwillingly. The catastrophe, which one might suppose would at least have shaken the monarchical idea, came with unexpected rapidity. The German people were comfortable under the old empire, and the new regime has brought with it only poverty and misery—political naivete accounts for the failure to ascribe the poverty and misery to their proper source. The Socialists have naturally been unable to produce an overnight El Dorado, and thus there has arisen a yearning for the monarchy, synonymous in the popular mind with order and milk and honey.

Entirely different is the question of German devotion to the Hohenzollern. The great fall tornado of 1918 swept them away completely. The bitterest enemies of the German republic have no desire for the return of the two Williams who fled to Holland. Excepting the parties of the Left, however, there is no hatred for the precious pair —only contempt. They are of course held largely responsible for the tragedy that has befallen the German people, but personally they have descended to the level of comic figures no longer taken seriously. It is a platitude of present-day German political comment that the Kaiser should have been removed long before his downfall. Before the war this thought was rare, even the Socialists demanding a republic only in principle and never seriously considering it as a real possibility. The Kaiser's worst opponents were to be found in conservative circles and not among liberals, clericals, or Socialists. Forty years of splendor made up for many failings. The almost legendary greatness of William I and the absurd idealization of Frederick III silenced doubting Teutonic Thomases.

A relentless censorship, operating alike through tradition and statutory enactments, made it almost impossible to publish the truth and acquaint the masses with the conditions under which they were living. The *lèse majesté* paragraphs effectively silenced the press, and the tradition of keeping the Kaiser's name out of debates made the Reichstag's possible anti-Hohenzollern influence negligible. The utmost in daring was reached when the Socialists left the chamber at the signal for the "Kaiserhoch," or when Bebel and the elder Liebknecht remained seated and served prison terms for their presumption.

To be sure, German cities give little sign of present alienation from the Hohenzollern. The word *Königlich-Kaiserlich* has disappeared from a few official buildings and the national eagle is to appear minus scepter and crown. But no Hohenzollern monument has been removed; in Cologne the equestrian statue of William II still graces the bridgehead. Berlin streets bear the old names—Kaiser Wilhelmstr., Kaiser Friedrichstr., Hohenzollernplatz, Auguste Viktoriaplatz. Occasional attempts to change a name encounter violent opposition. The best friends of the republic, however, not only fail to become uneasy over these manifestations, but are rather reassured, regarding them

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as proof that the Hohenzollern era has become historical and that the monuments are to be taken for symbols of a time that is past and will come no more. In their case the wish is by no means father to the thought. William II is nowhere in Germany today considered a tragic figure, deserving of sympathy. He might have gained sympathy for his house had he tried, if only in vain, to perish at the head of his troops in October, 1918. His flight, and that of his son, made of both a laughing-stock, and the manner in which he later negotiated with the republic concerning the property left behind only intensified the general distaste. The behavior of the rest of his line, moreover, has contributed to making absurd the doctrine of divine right.

German officialdom, also, has played its part in making further Hohenzollern aspirations ridiculous. In the days of the débâcle its members remained "neutral," ostensibly in the interest of the people, in reality with both eyes on their pensions. As soon as they could determine which way the wind was blowing, they let themselves be swept along by it. Their discovery that the new republic had other interests than that of chopping off their heads encouraged them to a sort of political action; they are for the most part now to be found in the German National Party. Among those who have found refuge there are the former Minister of Finance Hergt, who explained in 1917 that the Americans would never come to Europe in the event of a ruthless U-boat campaign, since they could neither swim nor fly; Graf Posadowsky, Dr. Clemens Delbrück, and others of the same ilk. For the time being Dr. Helfferich is their spiritual leader. But even this merry group has no stomach for any serious undertakings on behalf of William II. When the republic's first President was elected at Weimar, for example, they voted not for their fallen idol, but for Count Posadowsky. Many others who played leading roles in the old regime have turned their backs on the German National Party in its capacity as Hohenzollern executor and would-be regent.

Among the members of the Democratic Party, in whose program the Kaiser and his line play no part at all, are Count Bernstorff, former ambassador to the United States; Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, ambassador to Denmark and head of the peace delegation at Versailles; Prince Max von Baden, former chancellor; and Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia. The country's leading academicians, such men as Adolf von Harnack and Hans Delbrück, have followed their example, with the statement that only during the war, or rather toward the close of the war, were they able to see things as they really were.

The official mechanism, shiny with the polish of the centuries, functioned wonderfully while the country's business life flourished, and while no one could see that it was bound up with a disastrous foreign policy. Only in the last few years has it come to be suspected that all was not well. Disclosure has followed disclosure, and the end is not yet. Hatred and envy on the part of other countries had been impressed on all, but Germany's own madness was carefully concealed. The English policy of encirclement was put down as the result of King Edward's personal jealousy of his nephew, to the dismay of those who learn now that Chamberlain and Salisbury tried to form an alliance with Germany. Only a fraction of the truth has leaked out, but enough to shake the faith in the sanity of the former ruler. Prince Bülow, who made some frank if discreet disclosures after his retirement from office, will make a clean breast of matters only in his memoirs, if then; Bethmann-Hollweg, faithful servant of his master, kept the faith in his book and in his testimony before the parliamentary investigating committee.

Others have not been so reticent. We have heard from Freiherr von Eckardtstein, ambassador in London during the Morocco crisis; Otto Hammann, of the Foreign Office, in "Around the Kaiser"; the Austrian, Nowack, in a significant monograph, to which Marshal Conrad von Hötzendorff writes the introduction; and, finally, from Admiral von Tirpitz. Tirpitz, for twenty years the Kaiser's master and political leader, has not a kind word for him. Then there are the letters written by William II to Nicholas II, published by the Bolsheviki in the *Pravda*. The Kaiser's soul is clearly mirrored in them to the disgust of all. Nicholas and he really believed themselves rulers by divine right, with the peoples of the world helpless pawns. Responsible ministers are spoken of as lackeys and the people are a *quantité négligeable*. William has kind words for Loubet, former President of France, and a few other statesmen, but he qualifies his friendliness by saying that as a noble he can of course place no faith in these fellows! At the same time, under a strict pledge of secrecy, he confides important state secrets to his good friend Nicholas. He even transmitted the confidential proposals which England made, time after time. Presumably he dealt in a similar fashion with Vienna.

The ceaseless flow of revelations has shattered the Hohenzollen prestige. The Kaiser's vaunted popularity was never great. One liked to hear in Germany of his popularity, or at all events of a certain admiration for him abroad. Favorable English and French press opinions were eagerly read, while unfavorable criticisms were rarely given publicity. Nevertheless, the Kaiser's comic opera policies aroused misgivings in thoughtful circles. The eternal mailed fist enraged the Left, the chauvinists objected to his constant vacillation. His words spread alarm even when no evil consequences were imminent. The publication in the London *Daily Telegraph*, in 1908, of the interview in which he boasted that he had drawn up the British plan of campaign against the Boers, that the German people were bitterly hostile to the English, but that he would tolerate no war against England, caused a storm of popular ill temper and subjected his regime for the first time to serious attack in the Reichstag from the results of which it really never recovered.

But though the Hohenzollern have presumably run their course, the monarchical idea is far from dead, particularly in South Germany, where the paternalism of the local rulers met with universal approval. The separation from them was very painful, above all in Baden, Hesse, and Württemberg, where the legislative chambers voted them the thanks of their peoples. In Bavaria the successful overthrow of the Soviet Government gave the monarchical idea a new impulse. It is being encouraged by the French, as part of the offensive against Prussia. If the attempt succeeds to place upon the Bavarian throne Crown Prince Rupprecht, who commanded an army corps during the war, a temporary partition, at least, of Germany may result. Rupprecht is a Catholic, and it is upon the religious question that any attempt to reestablish a German emperor will go to pieces. North Germany is anti-Catholic, and South Germany will never tolerate another Protestant. In the meantime the country's workers, with whom the final decision rests, have eyes for nothing but their new republic.

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The Split in the Socialist Movement

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

AT random recently I picked up an American daily newspaper published in Paris and marked in red certain items on the front page. They reported the progress of negotiations between Italian workers and factory owners for the control of the metallurgical and other industries in Italy; the seizing of a Prague Socialist newspaper by its Communist employees; an agrarian reform bill passed by the Latvian legislature; the refusal at that time of Millerand to be candidate for the Presidency; the expulsion by the New York legislature of five elected Socialists; the latest declarations of British miners on the eve of striking; the arrest of Communists in Berlin; a supposed linking of Enver Pasha with a soviet plot; the Polish-Bolshevik peace parley in Riga; the execution in Siberia of the brother of a former Russian ambassador, and a number of other occurrences in scattered parts of the world. The items in red came to a total of sixteen out of the thirty-three; they took up three and a half columns out of seven. It is no exaggeration to say that a similar treatment of the news on most other days would yield approximately the same proportion of red.

Two types of misconception are current about such items as I have indicated. One is that they have no significant factor in common. But even the most casual study would show in all these apparently disconnected occurrences the stir of the Socialist movement throughout the world. The growth and forming of a vast army with red banners must be read even in such items as the refusal of a former Socialist to consider for the moment the Presidency of a great nation. The other misconception among those whom that invasion directly threatens is that this vast army presents a united front. The outstanding fact today is that the battle-front between capitalism and socialism is quiet compared to the fury of the conflict raging between the right and the left wings of the Socialist movement throughout the world, between the Second International of the Socialists and the Third International of the Communists; a conflict which is splitting to the heart what has been perhaps the most powerful social, political, and economic revolution in the history of the world. And nowhere is the fight at the present moment hotter than among those "Center" masses of Socialists who have not as yet taken their stand either with the extreme right or with the left of the world revolution.

From London, the capital of the Second International, comes a manifesto of war, which declares in part:

> Workers of the world . . . frivolous hands are tearing your unity to pieces. "Workers, divide!" is now the cry. This is bringing distrust into your ranks and sowing the seeds of poisonous antagonism among you. . . . Throughout the world, the Second International . . . is waging the battle for the ideals of democratic socialism as against the slavery of capitalism on the one hand and the tyrannical dictatorship of bolshevism on the other. . . .
>
> The final struggle for socialism will not be decided in Russia but in those countries where capitalism is most advanced and most powerful. For this reason the International Congress (of the Second in Geneva in August) appointed the British working classes as their champion. . . . The Second International is willing to cooperate in all endeavors to restore the international unity of the working classes. It will oppose every attempt to break that unity. Long live International Social Democracy, the liberator of the nations!
>
> The Executive Committee of the Second International: Signed—Arthur Henderson (Great Britain); Emile Vandervelde (Belgium); J. Ramsay Macdonald (Great Britain); P. J. Troelstra (Holland); Otto Wels (Germany); Arthur Engberg (Sweden); Camille Huysmans (Belgium).

The Second International claims to represent about fourteen million Socialists and trade unionists throughout the world. Its rock and fortress, as indicated by the manifesto, is the British Labor Party and the British trade unions with their seven million adherents. It is buttressed by the German counterpart of the British combination, the Majority Socialists and the German trade unions with their five million members. Grouped about these are the labor and Socialist parties of Belgium and Holland, each with more than half a million in their ranks, and similar organizations representing other countries throughout the world, many of them, however, rump bodies created by the contagion of splitting which is wracking the Socialist movement.

From Moscow, the capital of the Communist Third International, have come numerous manifestos, brusquely characterizing the signers of the manifesto of the Second and their colleagues as the "confidential advisers of the bourgeoisie and reliable hangmen of the working class." Describing the evolution of these men as participators in bourgeois governments, the Third International says:

> Engaged in the musty atmosphere of parliamentary work, witnesses of the base behind-the-scenes transactions, conducting negotiations on behalf of the trade unions concerning petty concessions and compromises, these leaders have lost touch with wide masses of the unskilled, with the toiling poor; . . . Their own social standing secure and material position improved, they looked upon the world through the rose-colored spectacles of a peaceful middle-class life. . . . They declared to the proletariat that its war-cry of "Workers of the world, unite!" should be substituted during the war by the new cry, "Workers of all countries, cut each other's throats in the defense of your fatherland!" They persuaded the proletariat to strain all its forces for war work and to fight to its last breath on the battlefields for capitalism. . . .

That this is not merely a paper war became clear when in Russia Bolshevik fought Menshevik, and in Germany Spartacist mobs fought the governmental forces of the Majority Socialists with hand-grenades, machine guns, and every other available weapon left in quantity by the Great War. The source of the rebellion and aggression against the Second is, of course, the Bolsheviki. And the tide of desertion has been running from the Second toward the Third during the last two years with increasing momentum. The first and most important body to stride definitely into the camp of the Third International was the Socialist Party of Italy, which recently carried the elections in over 2,500 communes in that country and has shaken capitalist control of industry to the foundations. In less than two years, since March, 1919, it has been followed by the Labor Party of Norway, the Bulgarian "Narrow" Social Democrats, the Swedish Left Socialist Party, the Hungarian Communist Party combined with Social Democrats, the Spanish General Confederation of Labor, a large number of rump organiza-

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tions and Communist groups. In recent months alone the Independent Socialists of Germany have added their great numbers and influence to the Third, and the Socialist Party of France is about to follow.

To estimate the numerical strength of the Third at this time is impossible. The tide is running too swiftly to weigh its force at a standstill. But out of over twenty-five official decisions taken by national Socialist and labor groups all over the world in the last two years only one or two have stepped back from the Third after setting foot into it; and of these only one group, a section of the Hungarian Social Democrats, has actually returned to the Second. Another element difficult as yet to estimate in the strength of the Third is the Moslem. In the Caucasus, in Persia, and in Anatolia soviets exist, and throughout the East the term soviet is becoming familiar. The Third International is the aggressor in the split in the Socialist movement. It accuses the evolutionary Socialists as betrayers of the teachings of Karl Marx and Engels, therefore of socialism and of the working class.

In the seventy-three years since Marx and Engels analyzed capitalist society and pointed out that justly and inevitably there exists between capital and labor an irreconcilable conflict which must end in the overthrow of the former by the working classes of the world, only one factor has served to obscure the truth of that criticism and to weaken the force of the revolt it has inspired—and that is "evolutionary socialism." In Germany . . . once established in seats of influence in the bourgeois state, these leaders found the revolutionary truth in the Socialist teachings embarrassing to them in their deals with the bourgeoisie. They became interested in the stability of the state in which they were councilors. . . . When the Great War came, evolutionary socialism had acquired such deeply vested rights under the bourgeoisie that they became the tools of Kaiser Wilhelm. . . . When capitalist imperialism in Germany collapsed of its own weight and rottenness, and the workers brought on a revolution, evolutionary socialism maneuvered itself into the saddle and helped up the bourgeoisie to a place beside them. When the revolutionary proletariat saw itself cheated of the fruit of its revolution and took up its fight against capitalist reaction, evolutionary socialism turned machine guns on the workers. . . . The hour for real revolution, through heavy civil war if need be, has come. The capitalist state must be overthrown, a dictatorship of the proletariat established, and in place of bourgeois parliamentarism, society must be based on the system of councils of the workers, the soviets.

To this the defenders of the Second reply in effect:

Capitalist production is a factory. A bad one, it is true. But still better than nothing at all. Workers depend on its working. We aim to reform it bit by bit without destroying its productivity. You, so-called revolutionists, are always prating about the economic miseries of the workers as the justification for your program of violent overturn. What you are trying to do is to blow up the factory with dynamite and only then try to build something in its place according to a paper plan of yours for a utopian factory. What becomes meanwhile of the workers? They get caught in your explosion, suffer violence, misery, hunger, lose productivity and employment, and starve. . . . Carrying on, as we do, our propaganda and movement through orderly and effective channels of education and democracy, we acquire a moral strength which you lose with your methods of violence and underground plotting. . . . A passion for democracy has been a habit of too long standing with Socialists for us to discard it now it comes our turn to practice it. If by "dictatorship of the proletariat" you mean that the will of the great masses shall prevail, that is our democracy. As we have seen it practiced in Russia, it is dictatorship by a group of men who arrogate to themselves the name of the proletariat, a dictatorship over the workers as well as over the bourgeoisie. As to the soviet system, let us first see how it works before throwing away the only kind of governmental machinery we have.

Between the Right of the Second International and the Left of the Third stand groups of Socialists captained by some of the most brilliant minds in the Socialist movement, the so-called Center. Their backs are turned on the Second as too reactionary and too tarnished with compromise and participation in the war. But they have not entered the Third. Until a few weeks ago the heart of the Center was the party of the Independent Socialists of Germany, the Socialist Party of France, the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain, and the Socialist Party of the United States, together with the Socialist parties of Spain, Switzerland, Austria, and large groups in other countries. The Center looks for truth somewhere between the two extremes. Because it retains independence of judgment and action the Center is suspected by the Left, and it is courted for its strength by the Right. Characteristically the Third becomes again the aggressor.

We know where the Second stands. They are our enemy. We don't know where in a critical hour the Center will stand. Those who belong to the Second at heart must go there. Those who belong with us must come in without ambiguity. Thus the battle line will stand out clear.

In accordance with their program of applying the acid test to the applications of the Center for admission to the Third International the latter at its second congress in Moscow drew up a list of twenty-one conditions to all parties wishing to join them. These conditions threw a bomb into the camps of the Centrists.*

The Independent Socialists of Germany, long leaders of the Center, had already taken up the challenge of the Third International and had sent a committee to Russia to study at first hand what membership in the Communist International promised for Socialists and the working class in general. When the committee came back to Germany Crispien and Dittmann began a country-wide campaign against the Third International, Däumig and Stoecker a passionate propaganda for it. A congress of the party was called for the middle of October at Halle. For weeks the controversy raged in the columns of the party press and in every Independent organization throughout Germany. When the congress convened almost every delegate had been instructed by his constituency as to how to vote on the question of adhesion. Zinoviev, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Third, came to present its case. Martov, a Menshevik leader, came to oppose it. Longuet came from France to present the Center's attitude—a solicitude for the unity of Socialist parties of the Center. He was against accepting without reserve the twenty-one conditions because they were impracticable for conditions in countries other than Russia. The debate was hot and full, with the result that the motion to accept the conditions for membership in the Third International was finally passed by 237 to 156.

The announcement of the vote was received in deep silence. Every one knew that the powerful Independent Socialist party of Germany, which had hitherto preserved a remarkable unity throughout the war and after, had come to a split. Crispien, one of the leaders of the Right, arose and read a statement that by passing the motion the Left had read

* These conditions were printed in full in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* for October 13, 1920.

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itself out of the party and thereby deprived itself of the right to participation in its conduct. Shouts of laughter from the Left greeted this, and the delegates of the Right walked out in a body, while the Left rose and chanted the "Internationale." There are now two German Independent Socialist parties. That of the Right retains the name and about 40 per cent of the membership. The Left, according to instructions from Moscow, will unite with the German Communist parties into one Communist Party of Germany. What the German Independents have done in this matter the French Socialist Party will probably do at its congress at Tours on Christmas Day.

In America, the Socialist Party had voted a conditional adherence to the Third before the conditions appeared. Since their publication, however, the American Socialists have come out in open opposition to Moscow. The avowed Communists had already seceded from, or been read out, of the Socialist Party. There is now a new grouping of the Center, which assembled at Berne in December at a conference called by the Swiss Socialist Party at which the Independent Labor Party of England, the Right Independent Socialists of Germany, the minority of the Socialist Party of France, and other Centrist groups were represented. Whether this new Center is doomed to a new split; or whether it will succeed in becoming the center of gravity for the Socialist movement of the world is on the lap of the gods.

Beethoven: 1770-1920

By HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

WHO is Beethoven that in this dark, uncertain hour we celebrate him as incomparable and mighty?

No longer do the modern peoples like the nations of antiquity present a complete inner unity; no longer is any folk like a staff of metal that yields but one tone when the hammer of fate strikes. And that is most true of the German folk, divided from the beginning. A myriad souls separate themselves from the mass and yet remain in their hovering state part of it. I shall not call these creatures of the spirit the flower of the nation nor yet its heart. But they are its wings with which it dares to rise from the abyss and face the sun. Nothing in them is worthy of surviving in so far as they are essentially estranged from the character of their folk. Yet isolation is their portion and their destiny is hard. For on them hangs the nation's fate and they are the administrators of civilization's heritage. Tossed hither and yon by great pride and by equal weakness they seem to themselves at times creatively akin to the gods in their impulse to embody the wealth that is within them. But often the fate of Icarus is theirs, for the element of the unsocial and the speechless in their nation is to them a source of torment. They are consumed by a feeling of incommunicable inner riches. Thus in the midst of mankind they have been lonely.

To speak for them came Werther—measureless passion; came Faust—measureless aspiration. For them did Schiller project into space those characters who oppose to the laws of the world the law of their hearts. But the creative urge of these men did not find the word of Werther sufficient nor even the word of Faust ultimate and Schiller's figures were the eloquence of their dreams, not the sinew of their deeds. For Schiller's final intention was political and from it these German souls, unripe and overripe at once, turn aside. They strive after the living word and the living deed and yearn for the ideal union of these two. Thus Mozart was too serene, too mortally peaceful for their impassioned hearts. They needed one to bring unity to their soul's division, to purify and consecrate their excess of sensitiveness, to be their priest and speaker before God, their sayer of the inexpressible. Thus did the spirit of the nation cry and Beethoven appeared.

He entered the world of Haydn and Mozart, but his relation to music was no longer an innocent and naive one. In his hands the singing voice of the orchestra no longer intoned the pure harmony of creation; it sang the stubborn solitary soul's delight and pain. Alone he spoke in sound with his own heart, with his beloved, with God. Often that speech was halting and of a divine confusion. Out of a soul unbroken and still devout he created a speech that transcends all speech. In this speech there is something that is beyond sound, symphony, hymn, or prayer. It is inexpressible. It is the gesture of a man who stands before God. The word of liberation was found. But it was not the desecrated word of human language. It was the living word and the living deed and the two were one.

His work derives from no folk art. The folk does not recognize itself in his music. But those who have arisen from the folk and are yet of it discern their own and their nation's character in him. For he was like a man of the people in his unbroken soul. But he had what the people has not nor many who use the word—intellectual passion. He was strong and innocent and intrepid as a child. But presage and aspiration lifted him into yet uncharted regions. He was veracious, knowing all things of the soul save doubt, all things of the heart save frivolity. He was like Moses who was fated to speak to God for his folk and was a stammerer. His body and his soul were one and at last his great tormented countenance took on the aspect of his work and his grave is the grave of a hero.

It is a solemn thing to remember such a man, to remember that he walked among us and that we tread in the print of his feet. It is the more solemn because this remembering comes to a great people in its hour of humiliation. But in darkness the constellations gleam and the soul is uplifted. This nation is stricken but not broken. It suffers in deep thought. It is aware of guilt toward its own spirit and would raise its heart above that guilt. Again it seeks rebirth through individuals conscious of the inexhaustible depth of their souls, and again these are lamed by the centrifugal and uneloquent character of the nation. The spoken word that should make for unity makes for separateness and divides men into heretics and anti-heretics. Thus the spirit of the nation has no single speech, no center for its activity and sickens of strange, confusing thoughts. But the creative individuals think of Beethoven and of that throne of passion whence the ardor of thought flies forth to snare the eternal. They are not eloquent and distrust spoken words through an inner chastity. But in their hearts is a speechless language that is above all speech. That language holds the uttermost darkness of life but also a hope that knows no bound.

Thus in this solemn hour we are united, and where but two or three of us are gathered together, there towers above us a countenance of inscrutable expression, riven and devout at once—templum in modum arcis, a shrine in the shape of a citadel—the countenance of Beethoven.

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America and the Pursuit of Happiness

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

O wad some power the giftie gie us, . . .

AS we came out of the shallow ford we met a lean blackish man with a very elongated face and yellow horse-teeth. He was enthusiastic when he heard I was an American. "In America there's liberty," he cried and slapped me on the back so hard I nearly fell off the donkey. "En América no se divierte," in America people don't enjoy life, muttered the boy who owned the donkey, kicking his feet that were wet and cold from the river into the burning apricot-colored dust of the road. The three of us followed arguing, the sunlight beating wings of white flame about us. "In America there is freedom," said the blackish man. "There are no rural guards; road menders work eight hours and wear silk shirts and earn fabulous sums; there is free education for children and at forty everyone owns an automobile." "I don't care if the whole country is made of gold," cried the boy angrily. "People don't enjoy life there. An old sailor in Malaga told me, a man who fished for sponges, and he knew. It's not gold people need, but bread and wine and to enjoy themselves. We are poor here and have to work all day long, but we have dances and fine weather and pretty girls and this coast is so beautiful this gentleman"—pointing to me—"has come all the way from Madrid just to see it. No, I should not go to America except perhaps to get out of the army. There's nothing worse than the army. 'En América no se divierte.'" As he spoke there became suddenly vivid in my mind the phrase "pursuit of happiness." The donkey had stopped in front of a little wineshop under a trellis where broad dusty gourd leaves shut out the blue and gold dazzle of sun and sky. "He wants to say: Have a little drink, gentlemen," said the blackish man. In the green shadow of the wineshop there was a smell of anise and a sound of water dripping. When he had smacked his lips over a small cup of thick yellow wine he pointed at the donkey-boy. "He says people don't enjoy life in America." "But in America they are very rich," shouted the barkeeper, a beet-faced man whose huge girth was bound in a red cotton sash, and he made a gesture suggestive of coins, rubbing his thumb and forefinger together. Everybody roared derision at the donkey-boy.

Still, the consensus of opinion among the working people of Spain who had been to the United States seemed to be that people didn't enjoy life there, that money was easy, that there were many policemen, and that elevators and automatic lunchrooms and electric sky signs were marvels surpassing all things.

Among intellectuals, doctors, lawyers, scientific people, the image was different. America was to them a glittering *fata morgana* of imperishable beauty, where the great domes of progress were builded on the Fourteen Points, on sanitation, energy, clean living, and child labor laws. They hoped in its image to build a shiny well-policed, deloused, and deodorized Spain. They talked of what we had done for Cuba, of the stamping out of yellow fever, and of the anti-typhoid vaccine. They called themselves the generation of '98 and felt that contact with the great youthful power of the United States, even in war, had been a regenerative impulse for old inert Spain. Unlike the working people they had not been to America.

All this was in the winter of 1920. I had the privilege of watching the golden domes of the Spaniards' imagined America totter as the Fourteen Points crumbled, and at last go crashing to the ground. When I was in Spain in 1917 they were naming squares and children after Woodrow Wilson. In the spring of 1920 the newspapers spoke of the United States and Hungary in the same breath. A symptom is the history of the Spanish commission to the labor congress in Washington. The members of that commission were chosen by the Government and were, except for one Socialist, conservative liberals, full of faith in the League of Nations, hopeful of governments. They landed in the middle of the anti-Bolshevik hue and cry, when the great docile sewer of canalized hate was being turned away from the Germans against anyone who hoped, however vaguely, that the exploiting system of capital would not be eternal. Coming from a country where, at least in private, liberty of speech is complete, they found themselves among a people who had deliberately cut one-half the world out of their consciousness, where the mildest form taken by the fanatical worship of things established was an ostrich-like hiding of the head. The president of the commission, an ex-minister with at least one ruthless suppression of a strike to his credit, was, by some strange confusion, attacked in our press as a Bolshevik. The Socialists found themselves exposed to constant and sometimes official rudeness. The result was that when the congress broke up with nothing accomplished the Spanish liberals returned home with their ideals of the American democracy shattered, and the labor men with a firm conviction that in the United States lay the heart of the great octopus they were fighting.

When Araquistain, in a series of articles in *España*, the lively radical sheet that comes out weekly in Madrid, described the United States as a malignant colossus trampling out the hope of the western world, he expressed the bursting, in the minds of Spanish intellectuals, of the brightly colored bubble of American idealism. From the loved refuge from oppression in how few years have we become for all the world one of the most hated of militarist nations!

The face of an old woman in a bakery in Belfort intrudes itself out of my memory, a hollow-eyed face, wrinkled, the color of beeswax. It was before dawn one morning a couple of months after the armistice. I noticed in the flickering gaslight the usual portrait of Wilson on the wall, the lean face they burned candles before in Italy and that for a short time in Germany they substituted for their stiff-whiskered Hohenzollern. The old woman's eyes shone when she saw I was looking at the picture. "He will save us all, with his Americans," she said. Then again when she handed me the long loaf of hot fragrant bread: "You don't like war, do you, you Americans? You will see to it that there is never a war again. They killed my three sons and I don't hate them for it. That's what only he understands. That's why he and his Americans will end wars." And she turned away from me to stare at the picture again. There was not a word I could say to her, for already the false dawn was fading. Europe had turned to America full of extravagant hopes, like a sick man that has stored all his faith in a quack doctor; when no remedy appeared the faith turned suddenly to hatred.

Perhaps the hatred is no more justified than was the ex-

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travagant hope. The muddled inert forces of American optimism and good-will had found real if accidental expression in the Fourteen Points. For a moment it seemed as if those sluggish streams of true democratic feeling that had been rambling further and further underground in the years of topheavy industrial organization since the Civil War might have reached the surface in a really living fountain. Yet the tragedy of their drying up to leave American thought the same muddy bog as before may have been due only to the lack of a pump, of an efficient machine to bring clear water to the surface; a tradition in other words, something similar to the great agin-the-government tradition that England inherited from the turbulent seafaring folk that crowded into the island out of northern seas. It is that tradition that in spite of centuries of various imperialisms has kept Great Britain the leader of the world's desire for liberty. In America, too, there must be left enough of the swaggering independence of our pioneers, enough of the hardheaded individuality of our old Yankee skippers to form a steely rebellious core in the flabby dumpling of our national docility. In the present disorganization of our public opinion it is our Hun-haters and lynchers and Bolshevik-baiters, our Palmers and Burlesons who—through the efforts of the jingo press—are considered the typical Americans. Europeans ask themselves in bewilderment what they can have seen in all this welter to pin their faith to. No other voice can be heard above the howling of the dervishes of militant capitalism. The barbarities of our marines in Haiti are known all over the world, but the protest against that miserable business will soon be forgotten in the files of liberal weeklies. Yet no one can say that more Americans were involved in the chain of events leading up to the massacres than protested when the facts became known with healthy indignation. We have heard a great deal in these last years of the duty of the individual to his government; it is time something were said of the duty of the individual to his own integrity, to his conscience, in the good round eighteenth century term. Not until a large and aggressive body of our citizens has formed the habit of loudly and immediately repudiating every abuse internal or external of the government's authority and every instance of bullying mob intolerance will we as a nation show that "decent respect for the opinions of mankind" necessary to reconquer the confidence of the only body of foreign opinion whose confidence is worth having. Somehow, in these dark days ahead, a compact Opposition must be built up which shall keep up contacts with the outside world in spite of the Chinese wall reactionary journalism is building up about us. And particularly, for the sake of our peace with our nearest neighbors the Latin Americans, Spanish-speaking peoples must be made to feel that there is more in the United States than ignorance and intolerance and aggression, that there is a body of opinion that puts humanity before national interests and class interests. We must outshout the priests of Baal.

Then, perhaps, after all this bitterness, we shall have replaced the land where the streets are paved with gold of the immigrant's dream by a land toward which the lacerated peoples of Europe can again aspire, where in a certain elemental freedom of thought and action the foundations will have been laid for a life that people—in the sense the donkey boy on that blazing road in Spain intended—can enjoy, the "liberty and pursuit of happiness" of that original too long forgotten declaration of our aims.

The Lynching Bee*

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Here at the crossroads is the night so black
It swallows tree and thicket, barn and stack,
Even though the sickle of the new moon hang,
Keen as a knife, bent like a boomerang,
A witch's bangle in the Zodiac.
Black on the crossroads . . . but in skies off yonder
There broods a fiery gloom, a hectic glow,
Like the last twilight just before the thunder,
Or omens of doomed soothsayers, long ago . . .
Today the veriest dog or mule would know
It only means a lighted town thereunder.

Honk, Honk!
On to the fork! Honk! Honk!
You hear?
From hand-squeezed bulb and belching conch!
Honk! Honk!
Down in the hollow now, but near.
How many there?—
Honk! Honk!
Topping the hill off there—
Behind the foremost cone of glare—
That, like the swift typhoon,
Sweeps on along each length of rut
And makes their ridges as clear cut
As in Uganda at high noon
Stand out the Mountains of the Moon.
Honk—for the brasses and cat-gut!
Honk, Honk—for cymbals and bassoon!
New times, new music, and new fun!
Though Bottom's gone and Oberon,
With Satyr, Dwarf, and pet Baboon,
Midsummer nights have still their rites.
Honk, Honk: "We've caught the coon!"
("Honk" means they've caught the coon.)

They stop—they jerk—they chug—they back.
And in a monstrous ring they park,
With ghostly cones converging from the dark
Upon a central tree all split and black,
Whose limbs and leaves are caverned out of sight
In the eternity of night.
It's like a magic circle where
Snake-dancers, stripèd, brown, and bare,
With pouch in waving hand and horns on hair,
In old times swayed and swung
And called on Tunga-Tung,
With nasal *ang* and guttural *unk*
Around a lightning-blasted trunk,
Or hissed in chorus with a serpent-stare.
Yet nothing like this there—
It's only the sign-board of the town's,
And crossroads cottonwood by Farmer Brown's.

It's only twelve true men in pants and coats
(The sort who pay their bills, and cast their votes,
Or file to jury boxes on hot afternoons) . . .
Each with a finger on a trigger,
Dragging by ropes, around his gullet tied,
With hobbled legs and arms well lashed to side,
The best of all buffoons—
A banjo-boy and jigger,
A hovel-doorway bawler of coarse tunes.
Like Caliban he shuffles, only bigger;
Or Ourang-outang, only larger-eyed—
A bandy-leggèd nigger,
Quite jerky, but all silent down inside.

* From the forthcoming volume "The Lynching Bee and Other Poems." B. W. Huebsch.

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They take the rope off at the tree—perhaps
Won't hang him after all?—These humorous chaps!
Just make him dance amid the glare
For women-folk and boys and girls back there,
Still in their seats?
Make him show off his feats?—
Stand on his head-piece while he eats
Hoe-cakes or possum sweets?
Or turn him up, and have him wag his ears;
Or wriggle and wrinkle scalp and brow,
Like a fly-bitten back of Holstein cow,
And throw from pate a bowl or plate,
While underneath he grins and leers?—
He'll butt his thick skull 'gainst the trunk, I think,
And then draw back, guffaw, and wink.

Not so. They pay a chain out link by link.
Hear it rattle, hear it clink!
A good stout chain so much can do!—
As dancing bear and old-time showman knew,
Or bloodhound leashed at kennel door in straw.
And down along the Nile,
With Pharaoh's Sphinx in view,
The Coptic coolies, with a chain or two
Around his belly, tail, and jaw,
Aboard the freighter hoist the crocodile
For Circus or for Zoo—
A stout chain holds,
Come fear or fire, whatever's in its folds.

They strip him, overalls and shirt,
They set his back against the tree,
They wind the links so tight about,
In girdles two and three. . . .
And yet it hardly seems to hurt—
For not a word says he.
Honk! Honk!

He stands five fathoms deep in glare agrin.
Honk, Honk! Honk, Honk!
His skin-bark on the tree bark-skin,
Trunk grafted on to trunk.
Honk! Honk! . . .
The graft should take, for they are close of kin—
Both sprung of one old soil of earth,
Both fed on rain and air and dirt from birth,
Both tough and stark and thin . . .

One steps with jack-knife up. And he
Will cut the bark—of which dark tree?
Nigger or cottonwood?—With that
He gelds him like a colt or cat!
But the coon's caterwauls and wails
(Honk, Honk! Honk, Honk!)
Fall thin and blurred and flat—
While every conch-horn at him rails:
"No more he'll spawn in bush or bed,
With cocaine crazed, with whiskey drunk,
A charcoal woolly head,
Or yellow half-breed brat!"
Honk, Honk!

Another comes with brush and pot,
And smears him over, as with ointment hot.
Honk! Honk!
Good fellow, at your trellised house in town,
You boil the tar to indigo and brown,
Shimmering in sunshine, bubbling to the brim—
Why waste it at the crossroads here on him?
Tar on your driveway, rolled in grit,
Makes you a roadbed firm and fit;
Tar on your upturned row-boat sinks
In all the nail-holes, joints, and chinks;
Tar on your gadding daughter's white kid shoe
Was black, and tickled you all through;
But, brother, with the brush and pot,
Tar does no good on hide of Hottentot—
Or have you feathers in a bag or two?—
If so, by now, he'd just as lief as not.
Honk! Honk!

With rags, and straw, and sticks, and other toys,
In run the women-folk and girls and boys.
They'll prod his ribs? tickle his arm-pits? sop
His sweating cheeks, as with a pantry mop?
Such crossroads pranks are not just right
For decent town-folk, it would seem. . . .
(Or is this only a midsummer dream
In innocent midnight?) . . .
Besides they haven't the heart. They drop
Their knickknacks at black ankles and bare feet,
And cool him from the spouts of cans
(Fetched from below-stairs, under washing pans
Porcelain-lined and scoured so white).
And then they all, excepting one, retreat,
Back through the length of light.

This one is honored over every other—
She is the dead child's Mother.
And the two glare and glare
At one another
In two eternities of hate and pain,
Yet with such monstrous union in despair,
Such hideous sameness in their haggard shapes,
The one, the other,
That you would say the twain
Seemed like a savage sister and twin-brother
Dying of hunger out among the apes.

Her hand is clutching her unsuckled breast—
You know the rest:
The bloody curls, the dainty skirt a shred,
The sprawling hand-prints on the legs and head,
Her body's little body in a shed. . . .
Then down she kneels;
You see her hunched back and her upturned heels. . . .
But not the scratch and scratch,
Not the small flame that tips the second match. . . .
And not her hands, her face, her hank of hair—
As when a Java woman kneels in prayer,
Under a temple-hut of thatch,
Before some devil-idol standing lone—
Not far from jungles and the tiger's lair—
Carved from the teak-wood to a jet-black face,
With Pagan wrinkles, curving pair by pair,
With set grimace,
And two great eyeballs, staring white in stone. . . .
Whilst smoke curls roofward from its hidden base. . . .
The Mother rises . . . will depart . . .
Her duty done . . . and her desire. . . .
And as she turns, you see a strange
And quiet rapture of most uncouth change.
For from her burning marrow, her crazed heart,
She has transferred the fire
Of horror and despair
To the dumb savage there. . . .
She has transferred, she thinks, the fire to him.
Honk, Honk! let lights be dim!
(And now the lights are dim.) . . .

And for a moment is the night so black
It swallows tree and coon and all the pack,
And lets the sickle of the new moon hang,
Keen as a knife, bent like a boomerang,
A witch's bangle in the Zodiac.
Gone is the light that played upon the tree,

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But at the cottonwood's own base
Another light now takes its place—
And there is still so much for us to see.
Honk! Honk!
There have been many bonfires on the earth,
Born out of many moods and needs of men:
As when the maskers, in their twilight mirth
On Wessex heaths, would burn Guy Fawkes again;
As when the bustling country-side in dread
Against the Armada's coming set the beacons,
In the heroic English days, on Beachy Head,
When the midsummer sea-winds blew;
As when the village dames and Yankee deacons
Out on the common had a barbecue;
As when the boys in South and North
Still make the boxes blaze and crackle on the Fourth.
The ghouls and witches too
In olden times and regions far away
Danced at their wonted rendezvous
Upon the Brocken on the first of May,
Screaming round the bonfire's light
All through Walpurgis Night.—
Honk! Honk!
There is much fascination in a flame—
Not least, whenever it has sprung
In intertwining tongue and tongue,
And left the one small spot from whence it came—
Faster, faster, higher, higher,
Shapes of wing, and wave, and lyre,
Shapes of demon-heads and peakèd caps
And flying smocks, and shreds and scraps
Of all fantastic things without a name.
Tongue after tongue in middle air—
Snatched from existence, how and where?—
There is much fascination in a flame—
Not least, when it is yellow, blue, and red,
With blackness for a background and a frame,
Still fuel-fed
With straw and wood and tar and kerosene,
And some organic matter still alive.—
Its witcheries of color, how they strive!—
Even though some smudge and smoke may get between.

Yet two vast bloodshot eyeballs by their might
Out-top the flame, though from the flame their light—
Two eyeballs wrought (like eyeballs of the steer's
Or dog's, or cat's, or woodchuck's, or a deer's)
By one blind Nature in a mammal's womb—
By one Herself with neither eyes nor ears,
Nor birth, nor breath, nor doom.
The two vast eyeballs grow and grow,
Till, to the masters of the revels,
They seem the eyeballs of the devil's
Ascending from hell-fire down below.
The masters will not have it so:
A pole, all glowing charcoal at the tip—
Zip, Zip! Zip, Zip!
Honk, Honk! Honk, Honk!
And the blind savage at the flaming tree
No more will glare so monstrously.

But on the crossroads our midsummer dream
Converts each flame into a scream, a scream—
A shriek, a shriek!
The horns honk at them as a hose at fire;
But still with every honk they come,
Shriek after shriek,
But fiercer, faster, higher!
(And all the while before, he was as dumb
As Roman martyr, schooled to turn the cheek.)
Honk, honk, away to left and right!—
Between the honking and the shrieking black
The odds (awhile) are ten to one tonight
In favor of the blazing maniac!
All ancient Africa is in his yells:
The wounded zebra's neighing, the gazelle's
Fierce whinny at the salt-lick, and the goat's;
The roars of lions, with distended throats,
Over the moonlit rocks for hollow hunger;
The bellowing elephants, with jaws agape,
And lifted trunks that thrash across their backs
Like writhing pythons or the great sea-conger,
Their monstrous hindlegs bogged beyond escape
In fire-swept jungles off their beaten tracks.
All Africa is in the Negro's shrieks:
The forests with their thousand parrot-beaks,
From Nile and Congo to the Cape;
But the Gorilla, the man-ape,
With his broad, hairy, upright chest,
Seems to out-scream the rest.
All Africa is in his agony:
The human ladings at the western coast,
The slave-ship, and the storm at sea,
The naked bodies (never very old)—
Dragged, sick and crippled, from the fetid hold
And over the pitching gunwales tossed,
Both male and female, overboard,
While sharks, careening on their backs,
In the green swells with scudding foam astreak,
Ate up the blacks,
And crew and captain prayed the Lord,
Or crammed fresh oakum in the leak.
All Africa is on his lips:
The million sweats, the million bloody whips,
The million ankles festering in a cord—
The unborn baby still between the hips,
The bent gray head along the rice-swamp humming,
"O Massa Gawd, I'se coming."

His voice has come from other times and places. . . .
And hence away it carries far and far. . . .
For in mid-darkness, level with a limb,
Above the flames and smoking tar,
Ride feather-crested heads that bob at him,
With peering faces,
There—and—there—and there!
Faces, Faces,
Sudden and weird as those that loom and peep
Upon us nightly just before we sleep.
No hands, nor arms, nor tomahawks you see,
No thighs in buck-skins dyed and slashed,
No moccasin, no foot, no knee,
Not even a copper torso brave and bare
From many a war-path scarred and gashed—
But only faces, faces, faces,
Riding in the air—
Faces, faces, faces, faces,
Feather-crested with long braided hair,
Peering with an old desire
From the gloom upon the fire,
Summoned back from Otherwhere. . . .
Summoned back from What-has-been:
"Is that a Jesuit father at the stake
Burning for his Jesus' sake?—
He hung us crosses round our necks to save—
But when the Mohawks to our village came
They killed both squaw and brave;
We Hurons put the Mumble-Jumble to the flame.
The cross it was no good to make us win—
It was bad medicine!"
And Seminole, Pawnee, and Sioux,
Apache, Blackfoot, Chippewa, and Crow,
Each gloats as if he saw anew
His own best captive of the long ago. . . .

The faces fade away. . . .

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The Negro's cries
Have joined the uncouth sounds of Yesterday—
The incantations to the blood-red moon,
The ululations in the eclipse at noon,
The old palm-island lullabies
That ring-nosed crones were used to croon,
Squatting circle-wise. . . .
And the twelve Shadows to the fire fling
Great logs with fungus, spines, and rotted pith,
And great dead boughs with thin and sprawling arms
(Fetched from about a long abandoned spring,
And toad-stool woodlots of surrounding farms)
As if to cage in wickerwork therewith
(Like the wild people of a South-sea myth)
The Demon-in-fire from everything it harms. . . .
The Negro's corpse will take strange shapes,
As the flames gnaw it, flesh and bone;
But neither men shall see, nor apes,
For it shall burn from now alone. . . .
Alone . . . and up and up . . . and down and down . . . .
While honkers honk it back to town.

At last the stench, or glow of embers, brings
The wolves, or wolf-like things. . . .
Such as on earthquake midnights prowl around
Smoulder of fallen beams and littered ground,
And tear from dead hands golden finger-rings,
But though they crouch in slow two-leggèd stealth,
Their hunt is not for wealth.
They paw into the cinders, as with hooks. . . .
Snatch something out,
With gloating, starveling looks . . .
A bit of rib . . . or skull . . . or crup . . .
Hot ash and finger knuckle . . .
They wrap them up,
And putter round about . . .
And chuckle . . .
And foot it off and down the road,
Past the weasel, skunk, and toad,
The barnyard rat,
The hooting owl and the whirring bat.

But over the spot of glowing embers, listen,
The poplar's leaves are rustling like the rain
That patters on my garden-shrubs by night. . . .
The dew may glisten,
The south-wind come this way again,
And wander thither,
But the charred cottonwood has caught the blight. . . .
Its leaves shall wither.
Here on the fork, except that spot of red
(Still fierce as some primordial desire),
All lust is dead:
The lust to breed, the lust to burn;
The rut of flesh, the glut of fire. . . .
Lift up the head,
If still you can, and turn
To the great spaces of the skies.
Black . . . black . . . all black . . .
The moon has set—perhaps elsewhere to hang,
Keen as a knife, bent like a boomerang,
A witch's bangle in the Zodiac . . .
Black . . . black . . . all black . . .
Though dawn be pregnant with her enterprise,
And stars perhaps will keep . . .
Black . . . black . . . and over yonder,
The glow is gone from all the town thereunder . . .
And all the people sleep . . . and sleep . . . and sleep*

*(You cringe and shrink?—
It makes your own eyes in their sockets ache?
O squeamish listener, but think
It's all a midnight dream, and no one is awake;
And in the morning, with the bobolink,
We'll see together, you and I,
The flowers, the fields, the sun, the sky,
And the magnolia blossoms, white and pink.)

In the Driftway

SOMETIMES when the Drifter studies the faces that besiege him in the subway, he weakly loses faith in democracy and fears that these pale dissatisfied countenances do not reveal the stuff of self-governors. How different are the mighty ones of earth! How much better shaved and clad they be, and what wisdom hides beneath the impenetrable solemnity of their faces! What wisdom indeed—the Drifter has had a revelation of those mighty minds in reading the minutes of a recent session of that Reparations Commission created by the Treaty of Versailles to govern areas of the Teutonic earth adjudged too infect for contact with the pure League of Nations.

* * * * *

"The session opens," the minutes read. M. Louis Dubois speaks from the chair.

M. LOUIS DUBOIS. My dear colleagues, I have the honor to suggest to you two rectifications of the minutes of our last meeting. I note that on page 2 the minutes read, "Messieurs X. Y. Z." Does it not seem to you that this should be corrected to read: "Monsieur X, Monsieur Y, Monsieur Z"? Another point: on page 8, proper names are printed in the same type as is used for the text. Type No. 4 should be used for proper names. Do you approve the changes I suggest? (General approval.)

M. BERTOLINI (the Italian member). Mr. Chairman, I have often said, as have my colleagues, that you have full power to make such changes on your own authority. I formally propose to my colleagues to authorize you to make any merely formal change in the text. That will lighten our task. (Approval.)

This was too much. M. Dubois rose again.

M. LOUIS DUBOIS. Gentlemen, I thank you for the new proof of confidence which you are good enough to accord me. I beg you to believe that I have a proper appreciation of the honor that you do me. But you ask me to add still further to my crushing responsibilities. I reserve the right to consult my French colleagues before making a decision.

SIR JOHN BRADBURY. Permit me, Mr. Chairman, to give my support to the words of our honorable colleague, M. Bertolini, and to ask you, in the name of all of us, to accept the offer made you.

M. LOUIS DUBOIS. It would be ungracious longer to resist this friendly insistence. It shall be as you wish, and in the interest of the successful functioning of the Commission, I accept, in so far as I am concerned, M. Bertolini's proposition. (General approval.)

M. LOUIS DUBOIS. Gentlemen, I am needed for the work of a sub-committee. I cede the chair to our honorable colleague, M. Bertolini.

* * * * *

The Drifter turns from these minutes with a new sense of what it is to be a great man, a statesman, and a diplomat, and with a faint glimmering of understanding why, under the burden of its crushing responsibilities, the Reparations Commission, has not yet been able to set the total of the German indemnity.

* * * * *

Newspapermen, the Drifter long ago learned, are cynics. Perhaps because they have seen too much of the great men of their time. His newspaper friends are not amazed when he reads them the minutes of the Reparations Commission. They have learned to expect from politicians and statesmen a distillation of the pettinesses behind the subway faces.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

An Irish Fragment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: About 12th inst. I promised to send you an impression of the contemporary scene in Dublin—just the plain citizen's account of what it feels like to be living there under present conditions. Until Sunday, when I had about completed it, I thought it was a true impressionism. . . . Anyway it is not true now. There is so little truth in it that I have put it in the fire—all except the first page, which I am sending you so that you may be able to realize how completely the situation has changed (in Dublin) since a week ago (Nov. 16). What has happened is simply this: the conditions of guerrilla warfare which applied to our open countrysides now apply equally to our capital city. Maybe you can guess what that means. In a week or so I will be sending you another article, but, if it is to bear any relation to the truth of things, it must be very different to the pale, pleasant piece I have destroyed.

Wexford, Ireland, November 23 JAMES CARTY

DUBLIN: NIGHT AND DAY IMPRESSIONS

BY JAMES CARTY

November 21

Life in Dublin has not yet become the perilous and unstable thing that it is in many counties of the west and south. The constant fear of an untimely death does not prey upon the mind of the average citizen, nor has he to reckon with the ever-possible contingency of having to fly from his home at night, with his family if he has one, for the cold but friendly hills. The laborer, journeying downtown to his morning's work, is not so far disturbed by the thought that his employer's premises and his employment may have gone up in flames the night before. Parades of frightfulness are often featured, but they are usually admonitory only, not punitive as elsewhere. Combats have taken place in the streets, but the prevailing condition, which probably both sides wish to maintain, is one of continuous, unqualified, but passive hostility between the population and the occupying forces of Britain.

The scene is indeed so quiet and passive that a stranger on a brief visit might . . . [The first page ends here.—Ed. NATION.]

The Fastov Pogrom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having read The Fastov Pogrom, printed by you in the International Relations Section of your issue of December 8, it occurs to me as pertinent to ask the following question: If the document constitutes an indictment—and to my mind it is the most terrible indictment ever made—against what or whom is it an indictment?

The document recites the terrible crimes of certain bands of Christians in the town of Fastov. A young woman, for instance, "was raped by a Cossack in the same room where her murdered husband and her father were lying and while her little baby was crying in its crib." Other Christians invade a synagogue on the day of Yom Kippur and "amidst cries of terror seize several young women and rape them." Those Christians murdered Jews by the thousands in the town of Fastov alone. But the deeds committed in Fastov were repeated in some 250 towns and participated in by tens of thousands of Christians. Even superficial statistics give 100,000 Jews as murdered, 50,000 additional as dying of wounds, and some 200,000 as merely wounded, more or less seriously. Also, 800,000 Jewish women of all ages were raped.

As these crimes have been perpetrated by tens of thousands of Christians during many months, and in the broad daylight of Christianity and civilization, who, then, is to be indicted? Poland is a Catholic country and a few words from the Pope could at any time put an end to such terrible outrages. Even in the Ukraine there are enough highly placed ecclesiastics who had the power but not the will to intervene on behalf of innocence. And what about the criminals themselves who are pious Christians?

And how about civilization, so-called? In another document which you print under the caption of The Present State of the Polish Jews, which is an official interpolation by Jewish deputies in the Polish parliament—is not there plenty of matter adduced to prove at least criminal connivance on the part of the Polish Government? The question also arises: What did England do, and what did France do, to stop such carnivals of blood and crime—those two great props of civilization and, incidentally, of Poland, the scene of the crimes? It is not to be forgotten that all the leaders of those horrors are men who have been known to be supported officially by those two governments.

To my humble understanding every government of Europe as well as its people that professes Christianity and civilization is in duty bound to help put a stop to such crimes, our own country, which boasts so much of its humanity, Christianity, and civilization, not excluded. And *The Nation*, if it is sincere in its profession of liberality, should, if the Irish question deserves a Committee of One Hundred, have a Committee of One Thousand on the Jewish question. Or else Christianity is a dead profession; civilization, a hollow word; and radical and liberal thought a humbug along with all the many humbugs, to beguile and mislead the masses.

New York, December 9 MAX MAHLER

Rumania's Attitude Toward Hungary

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In one of the documents printed in the International Relations Section of November 17 Colonel Reich, late chief of the press division of the Hungarian legation in Vienna, in discussing the plan of a Hungarian-Rumanian alliance, makes a few assertions that call for instant and vigorous correction. Thus his insinuation that the idea was conceived during the Rumanian queen's sojourn at Paris has absolutely no foundation in fact. No politics have been discussed during her Majesty's visit in the French capital. Colonel Reich's statement that the plan of the alliance was received with great enthusiasm by King Ferdinand is as blatantly untrue. No such plan has ever been submitted to the king of Rumania. No Rumanian statesman would dare to propose an alliance with Horthy's Hungary whose government is conniving at the continuous massacre and torture of hundreds of innocent persons and maintains the worst system of terror and oppression in his country and the most condemnable spying system abroad. We ought especially to emphasize that the king of Rumania is the constitutional head of a constitutional state, and his policy is that which is being decided upon by his nation's will as expressed in its parliament and constitutional government.

I need not point out that Colonel Reich's statements on this particular point, as on the others are not representations of facts, but merely expressions of hope and desire. The Magyar official merely substitutes the indicative mood for the optative.

Rumania's real attitude toward the Hungary of Horthy is shown by her adherence to the Little Entente whose chief purpose is the maintenance of peace in Central Europe and the enforcement of the Treaty of Trianon. Of course, Rumania wishes to live in peace and friendship with Hungary as with the rest of her neighbors; but the Rumanian statesmen realize that peaceful and friendly cooperation is possible only with a regenerate democratic Magyar state, and not with a regime of militarist revenge-seekers.

New York, November 19 BASIL STOICA,
Commissioner of the Rumanian Government.

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Against Treason

By JOHN DRINKWATER

All you have been you can be in this hour,
My need will be my need for evermore.
Time cannot wither your excellence of power,
Nor stale the love that liveried you before,
If you shall but your wonted honour keep,
And daily meet me with quick truth of old,
And let nor change nor dark alloy nor sleep
Betray your former witness of its mould.

But if in other feature you present
The woman that I loved, how should I make
Renewal daily of an old content
I knew for her whose covenant you break?
Though you yourself betrayed your elder pride,
I would not in your treason be allied.

Books

One View of the Past

A Guildsman's Interpretation of History. By Arthur J. Penty. Sunwise Turn, Inc.

MR. PENTY'S purpose in writing this book is to counteract the distorted notions associated with the materialist interpretation of history and to furnish a historical background for guild socialism. A summary of his main propositions therefore is essential to a judgment upon his work. Early Mediterranean societies were organized on a communist base; the early Church continued the communist tradition of the Apostles, Christian teaching preserved for centuries the communal land ownership of the barbarian tribes that overran Western Europe; it was the communistic spirit of Christianity that gave rise to the guilds; governments are made necessary by the anti-social character of a minority; the serf in the middle ages was ordinarily not exploited but gave his labor in return for protection by the lord; the medieval king was very popular and the divine right idea was an invention of James I; the medieval empire preserved the peace of Europe for centuries; Roman law fell like a foul curse upon the medieval society of brotherhood and plenty and introduced the pursuit of individual interests; the medieval church was really not intolerant; it zealously fostered the spirit of science and learning; Wycliffe was a religious pervert bent on saving his own soul; the Protestant Reformation was really a grand triumph for landlordism and capitalism; the French Revolution shows that democracy will arrive when it knows how to choose "the right ideas"; radicalism and parliamentarism are colossal failures; modern administration is centralized to the point of collapse; but the remedy for our ills is at hand: it is a return to medievalism. In the middle ages men had peace, security, just prices, fair wages, and joy in their labor; the church protected the people; and the kingdom of heaven was so near that one could almost hear the voices of the choir.

In all this there is little that is new. Mr. Chesterton and many Catholic writers have been dinning it in our ears for a generation or more. What is the meaning of it? To the present reviewer the answer is plain: Men will have their Utopias, their eternal systems. The idea of an ever-changing world, good and evil, war and peace, love and bitterness, all evolving together in terrible fascination is painful to contemplate. Catholics have their Utopia in the past when the Pope's authority was undisputed in Western Europe. Engels, the high priest of scientific socialism, has his Utopia in the great day of the proletarian revolution when "man, at last the master of his own form of social organization, becomes at the same time the lord over nature, his own master, free."

In addition to having a passion for Utopias, men have a tendency to react against whatever is, or is said. It is undoubtedly true that Protestant historians have either maligned the middle ages or emphasized the darkest aspects of that period; but when that is admitted there is no reason for rushing to the other extreme. Anyone who honestly tries to clear his mind of unworthy motives and to approach the past in the spirit of humbleness, who reads the documents that have come down to us, rather than professional Catholic or Protestant historians, will have to admit that the middle ages (a period of vast extent and vast changes) was crowded with wars, pestilence, strife, cruelty, and credulity, all mixed in with beautiful sacrifice, lofty concepts of life and conduct, sincere strivings after truth and perfection.

Of course, anyone who has leisure and reads Latin can readily run through historical literature and find citations for any kind of a picture he wishes to draw. It is not a very difficult exercise in either learning or ingenuity. It is far easier than to attempt to see the middle ages as a whole and fairly. It is also easy to show that we are not likely to pitch into Utopia through Marxism or Sidney Webb's bureaucracy. But when it comes to proving that in an age of steam, electricity, and world economy, we can cure our ills by returning to the localism of community guilds, that is quite another matter.

Moreover, if it were possible to get back that blessed Utopia of the middle ages, what proof have we that wicked men, by their insidious wiles, would not change it all again? The present reviewer is not a theologian, but he is moved to inquire why it was that the benign Providence who had things well in hand through so many centuries yielded his realm to the Devil on the day that Martin Luther nailed his theses to the door. Is it possible that God is not omnipotent after all? Moreover, why do Italy and Spain, still good Catholic countries, have so many of the industrial ills associated with the landlordism and capitalism which triumphed in Protestant countries? How are we to get village communities and guilds back again after three centuries of individualism have rooted up their very foundations? Is not the case hopeless for poor America, since we never had any village communities and medieval guilds? Perhaps Mr. Penty will do us the favor of answering these questions in his next book.

CHARLES A. BEARD

The Genius for Banality

The Americanization of Edward Bok. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. BOK, like Xenophon, Julius Caesar, and Henry Adams, writes about the adventure of his life in the third person. In other respects he is often unlike his predecessors in autobiography. For instance, his educational processes and those of Henry Adams have very little in common indeed. To Henry Adams "success" seemed hardly probable and certainly was not to be expected; while Mr. Bok with unfailing naivete and assurance found the way "so much simpler . . . than the avoidance," that from the beginning he had no doubts.

Mr. Bok's accomplishment is simply staggering from whatever point of view it may be judged. Being forced by poverty at home to give up his regular schooling at thirteen, he undertook his own education in connection with his work as office boy for the Western Union Telegraph Company. With complete faith in the amiable disposition of the great, and a certain canny recognition of the value of their autographs, he bombarded prominent men and women all over the country with an explanation of his schemes for self-education and a request that they advise him from the accumulation of their experience. Cheek like this is allied to genius. In most cases the lions roared gentle answers, though a few protested. Mark Twain explained that writing was his trade and that a man took no pleasure in exercising his trade as a pastime. "It would never be fair to ask a doctor for one of his corpses to remember him

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by." The Bok autograph collection became famous, and incidentally worth a great deal of money. In fact, all Mr. Bok's ventures proved golden. He planned and introduced the present form of theater program, that bored women might have something to read between the acts; he began and edited the *Brooklyn Magazine*, afterwards the *American* and then the *Cosmopolitan;* he started the Bok Syndicate Press with a weekly letter by Henry Ward Beecher; he conceived the idea of a "Woman's Page" in the newspapers, and after obtaining material from a great many well-known women writers supplied such a page through his syndicate; he introduced to the papers a weekly letter of literary gossip, known later as "Bok's Literary Leaves"; having passed through his apprenticeship in the publishing business as a stenographer to the Holts and later to the Scribners, he was placed in charge of the advertising department of *Scribner's Magazine* and the *Presbyterian Review*. The symposiums which he conducted through his newspaper syndicate on such questions as "Should America have a Westminster Cathedral"? and "Should clergymen smoke"? early showed his understanding of the mental appetite of the great public.

In 1889 Mr. Bok became editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and his biography for the next thirty years is the history of that magazine. A list of the more important features indicate clearly enough the nature of Mr. Bok's editorship: Side Talks with Girls; Heart to Heart Talks; a correspondence service with readers which totaled nearly a million letters yearly; free musical education and free college scholarships to boys and girls f r getting subscriptions; a Mothers and Babies department which advised over forty thousand mothers and brought up eighty thousand babies to the age of two years; Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men; Clever Daughters of Clever Men (meat here for the humorous paragraphers, an advertising asset of which Mr. Bok was well aware); novels by Howells and Kipling; a new method of featuring material by "running over into the back" of the number; history in sugar-coated pills in such articles as When Jenny Lind Sang in Castle Garden, When Henry Ward Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit (Beecher looms very large on Mr. Bok's horizon), When an Actress was Lady of the White House; *Ladies' Home Journal* houses, for which thousands of plans were sold; gardens; interior decoration taught by taking the public inside of One Hundred Homes; art education by means of masterpieces of which the most popular were The Hanging of the Crane and Home-Making Hearts; the decoration of Pullman cars; Dirty Cities—a "clean-up campaign" by means of photographs; Men, an anonymous department which, as Mr. Bok reveals for the first time, Theodore Roosevelt edited; women's clubs, an attempt to change their interests from the "cultural" to the civic; suffrage, opposed by the *Ladies' Home Journal* because of the negative answer which Mr. Bok decided to give to the only question that seemed to him of importance in connection with the matter: "Was the ballot something which in its demonstrated value or in its potentiality, would serve the best interests of American womanhood"; a campaign for greater frankness within "the home" in regard to "the mystery of life"—on account of which the paper lost seventy-five thousand subscribers; music, beginning with Sousa's marches, printed for the public, and a musical question-and-answer department conducted by Josef Hofman; war work features of all sorts, with Mr. Hoover as guide, philosopher, and friend. The last number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* under Mr. Bok's full editorial control was that of October, 1919. It oversold a printed edition of two million copies and carried between its covers over a million dollars worth of advertising. On September 22 he relinquished his editorship.

Mr. Bok's explanation of his success is simply that "a man gets in this world about what he works for," and his recipe was equally simple: "One had merely to do all that one could do, a little more than one was asked or expected to do, and immediately one's head rose above the crowd and one was in the employer's eye." In his editorial practice he regularly observed what he had found to be the true psychology of the American public: it "always wants something a little better than it asks for"; and while consulting its taste and interests he generally anticipated them. He catered to "the intelligent American woman rather than to the intellectual type," and it was to satisfy her fondness for the "personal type" of literature that he developed the sort of article by which the *Ladies' Home Journal* is best known: Jane Addams's My Fifteen Years at Hull House, Helen Keller's Story of My Life, Lyman Abbott's My Fifty Years as a Minister, Gene Stratton Porter's What I Have Done with Birds, Mrs. Beecher's Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him. Instinct, the manly substitute for the intuition which guided Mr. Bok's womanly readers, seems to have been responsible for most of his decisions, from his attitude toward the "care and feeding of infants" to the championship of Hofman as a musician, though Mr. Bok himself "lacked musical knowledge."

This is an extraordinary array. In all the account of it there is not one gleam of intellectual speculation, not one sign that Mr. Bok ever heard of the world of ideas, or that he understood any passions stronger than sentimentalism. His criticism of the America in which he lived and which he seems to have understood so well, is always merely trivial. He had a genius that made him an amazing journalist. It was not, as certain of his admirers have lately said, a genius for simplicity. It was the more profitable genius for banality. I. B.

From the Spanish

Hispanic Anthology. Poems Translated from the Spanish by English and North American Poets. Collected and Arranged by Thomas Walsh. Hispanic Notes and Monographs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

NEVER has Spanish poetry been done so good or complete a turn in English as Mr. Walsh now does it. During a decade after the campaigns of Wellington in Spain and Portugal, English poets and translators like Thomas Rood, J. G. Lockhart, and Sir John Bowring, following the lead which Robert Southey had given them with a volume of travels in 1797, eagerly exploited the ballad literature of the Peninsula; later on in the century James Kennedy and F. J. Vingut supplemented such work in the older fields with versions of the modern romantic poets; and in recent years we have been reminded not infrequently that poetry thrives among all peoples in the two hemispheres who use Spanish. But not until Mr. Walsh's painstaking anthology has there existed anything like an adequate survey and repository. Mr. Walsh's 800 pages, containing, along with bibliographical notes, translations by 39 hands of selections from 180 poets dating all the way from the unknown author of the "Cid" to Muñoz Marín, who was born in Porto Rico in 1898, make up at once a valuable work of reference and an interesting addition to the body of English poetry. Incidentally these pages also are intended to compose "a spontaneous tribute of affectionate admiration to the contemporaneous Spanish poet—both Peninsular and American—from his English-speaking brethren of the north."

The volume recognizes no geographical bounds, bringing matter from South and Central America, Mexico, Cuba, and Porto Rico as well as from Mother Spain. Since Spanish-American literature is a comparatively modern growth, the nineteenth and twentieth centuries here bulk very large—indeed, claim a whole second half of the space. The first half is pretty exclusively devoted to the hundred fertile years from 1550 to 1650, although the Middle Ages, with—for instance—their inimitable Juan Ruíz, Archpriest of Hita, are decently represented. Mr. Walsh shares a more or less current distrust of the eighteenth century, with the result that a bare dozen pages are assigned to that stretch. Such discriminations, proverbially defended as the privilege of the anthologist, may often and truly be the annoyance of the reader. It might more legitimately be objected to Mr. Walsh that he has handled too many poets, has had to set too many forth with single sonnets; more pieces by fewer poets might have

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rendered tedium less possible. But the quarrels in general are few to pick.

One out of a thousand translated poems ever lives. A few fragments of Ovid in Shakespeare, of Euripides in Milton, of Lucretius and Horace in Dryden, of Virgil in Tennyson, have health and beauty; but domesticated verse on the whole persists as a mass of dried specimens. Mr. Walsh has done everything possible to avoid dryness. It probably was impossible to modify the format of the Peninsular Series, which has much of the museum about it; it was desirable to work for spirit and variety among the translators, and Mr. Walsh has succeeded admirably at that. Longfellow, Bryant, Ticknor, Lockhart, Southey, Alice Stone Blackwell, Arthur Symons, Roderick Gill, Muna Lee, Edmund Gosse, and John Masefield make excellent company for Mr. Walsh himself, who, shouldering enthusiastically the greater part of the burden, has produced in his translations a true effect of poetry. D. M.

The Adorable Apostate

Seven Men. By Max Beerbohm. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE best proof that the experimenters of the yawning Yellow Nineties were after all nothing much but sentimentalists is to be found in the tired, wan hues their writings and pictures wear today. They wore them in the nineties, too, of course, but then such colors were in the mode, and fashions always seem normal enough when they *are* the fashion. If the Aesthetes of that day marched upon the hordes of dullness in ranks that were not exactly serried, still they presented a good front on several sides. They had poets and dramatists and novelists and painters and illustrators and printers—and, of course, claqueurs in competent profusion. They added some dozens of new specimens to the fauna and flora inhabiting the British imagination. The trouble is that the specimens almost all gradually expired, being sensitive, and had eventually to be stuffed or pressed.

Max Beerbohm, who in "Seven Men" appears as a genial showman of such curiosities, speaks with the authority of the wisest scribes. Did he not with a gesture of mortality publish "The Works of Max Beerbohm" in one lithe volume at the age of twenty-four—to follow it with another knowingly named "More" only two years later? Did he not write "Zuleika Dobson" and parodies and caricatures without parallel or equal? He belonged. And now he is cheerfully giving away the secrets of the Aesthetes with a fine broad grin. Of course, he was always satirist to the movement, if not of the movement, and, of course, he here speaks of types rather than of persons. But all the same this is apostacy and revelation.

For instance, consider Enoch Soames, the dim diabolist, who wrote "Negations." Max met him, in "Seven Men," and later bought his book. "Was there, I wondered, any substance at all? It did not occur to me: suppose Enoch Soames was a fool! Up cropped a rival hypothesis: suppose *I* was. I inclined to give Soames the benefit of the doubt." This is the very gist of the period. So many young men thought of the rival hypothesis in connection with so many other young men, only to give the other young men the benefit of the doubt. Soames believed in himself enough to sell himself to the Devil for a chance to invade posterity and find out what it thought of him. It thought he was an imaginary character invented by Max Beerbohm—which he was—and straightway Soames went broken-hearted to his purchaser. He did not know that his chance for surviving was better, thanks to Max, than most of his diabolist rivals had. Neither could posterity unaided have done what Max has done for Hilary Maltby, author of "Ariel in Mayfair," and Stephen Braxton, author of "A Faun on the Cotswolds," those different geniuses who divided the world of taste for a time, bitter rivals, and then found themselves upon the publication of their second books united in a remarkably identical kind of failure. Success in those days was a terribly transient thing.

As to the others of these seven men, who count up to but six if you leave their historian out, James Pethel subsists upon the thrill of taking chances; A. V. Laider cannot distinguish between what he has experienced and what he has imagined; and "Savonarola" Brown spends patient, stupid years upon a masterpiece which Max has written for him in a way to expose the nakedness of dull writers as cruelly as it was ever done. Pope and Swift knew no more about the Art of Sinking in Poetry than Max Beerbohm knows. He understands it in other languages than the language of the nineties. This is what brings him so lucidly up to date, no matter what extinct creatures he exhibits. C. V. D.

Books in Brief

THE picturesque and romantic war correspondent of popular tradition exists still in the person of Frederick Villiers, whose "Days of Glory" (Doran) is now published. The book is prefaced by an enthusiastic salute to the old veteran by Philip Gibbs, who summarizes the chief points of Villiers's extraordinary career, and uses it as an illustration in contrasting the old-time war correspondent with the new type produced by the World War. The adventures of Frederick Villiers carry one back with a bound to memories of Torpenhow and the war-hungry correspondents in "The Light That Failed"—men to whom the spectacle of a world at peace was positively nauseating. The crackle of musketry in some remote corner of the globe heralding a new war was the only stimulus powerful enough to relieve their boredom. Villiers—not to push him into this Kipling atmosphere of sublimated sadism—represents the type of the old-guard war correspondent at its best. The sketches in "Days of Glory" have no special artistic merit. They look very old fashioned beside the modern methods of Nevinson and Nash. In character they are topographical, anecdotal, documentary. There is no doubt that they possess a certain historical significance in view of the fact that they portray the early phases of the war which were unrecorded by the British military authorities. They reveal many details of attack and defense and depict many historic places and scenes which were never captured by the camera. These scenes changed afterwards when new weapons were introduced, and when the intensity of gun-fire altered the look of many landscapes. Villiers pictured in detail such temporary devices as the curtain loopholes in the trenches and the bottle-trails through the woods. One of the best pictures in the book depicts two soldiers in a rain-soaked wood at night following the wine and beer bottles strung as guides from the trees.

FAR in retreat from our literary foreground of acrid research and cynical psychoanalysis, a foreground which the most modern man alive must find hot and tiresome now or then, the essays of Kirby Flower Smith which have been collected under the title "Martial, the Epigrammatist, and Other Essays" (Johns Hopkins Press) will give definite, substantial pleasure to a small and quiet audience. There is nothing revolutionary in these pieces on Martial and Ovid and Propertius, nothing which everyone will have to read; but there is a truly Augustan tone, by no means old-fashioned, worth anyone's catching. The themes are simple, and the technique is the best that literary criticism knows—narrative. The simpler facts about three Roman poets are sensibly and affectionately brought together, as Dryden in his day brought together the facts about Plutarch, Lucian, Polybius, and Virgil, with the result that the three poets live again and demand to be read. The accomplished translations in fourteeners which are copiously interspersed through the Ovid and the Propertius make one sorry that Professor Smith did not leave a version of the whole Metamorphoses, and of the better ancient elegies.

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A WORK five times as long as Professor Smith's, a work immensely learned, impatient, and controversial, is "Lucilius and Horace: A Study in the Classical Theory of Imitation" (University of Wisconsin) by Professor George Converse Fiske. From an elaborately methodical study of Horace's indebtedness as a satirist to Lucilius and the Scipionic circle, and in turn of the indebtedness of that circle to the Greeks, Professor Fiske proceeds with a general plea for the classical idea of imitation of masters in art—"not in the spirit of verbal imitation, but in that of generous rivalry"—damning as he goes the itch for originality which he says is modern and romantic (and traces to Rousseau), and leaning rather heavily, as one might have supposed, on the heavier portions of Irving Babbitt. It is conceivable that he speaks the truth, but it is certain that he speaks it, like Professor Babbitt, without effect. Like Professor Babbitt, he will inform a few critics and historians of literature, but he will pique and inspire no poets. A scholar may return to the past if he likes, but he will take no one with him unless his enthusiasm at least equals that of his contemporaries who live in the present.

"THE Americans are earnest serious people, even the private soldiers, who have nothing of the devil-may-care lightheartedness of our men. They . . . are as keen as mustard, but still very serious and quiet about it all. They are in truth Crusaders." So, in 1918, after an official visit to Chaumont, wrote Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court Repington, master London war-journalist, in the fascinating diary which he publishes now as "The First World War: 1914-1918" (Houghton Mifflin, 2 vols.). Two years ago we should have been pleased with such words; today we are a little bothered and ashamed. Now, when every week brings surer evidence even to the man on the street that Europe's motives in the war were complicated, we are mortified to remember how simple ours were. We arrived in France in 1917 rigid with righteousness against the enemy and pliable with the propaganda of those who had maneuvered to become our friends. We were willing babes in the world's worst woods. How much undergrowth was there of major and minor intrigue, of gossip, chaff, recrimination, wit, stupidity, ambitiousness, and guile, Colonel Repington's diary discloses as not many documents henceforth are likely to do. Being allowed and encouraged, as a military expert who was no less important to the Government than he was interesting to the readers of the *Times*, the *Observer*, and the *Morning Post*, to go everywhere and to see everybody, he sooner or later breakfasted, lunched, dined, sat, walked, motored, jested, condoled with most of the important people in England and France who had anything to do with policy or command. All thought aside of the dead millions who pack the blacker portions of the picture, the bright spot of Westminster and Mayfair which he paints is endlessly engaging. As a diarist he is intimate and unaffected and racy and explicit like Pepys, and he is almost as disconcertingly complete; he claims to have omitted some names and events, but those must be few. Incidentally, he named the war The First World War "in order to prevent the millennium folk from forgetting that the history of the world was the history of war."

A REVOLUTIONARY poem that has sold two million copies in Russia since 1918 demands notice from Europe and America. Alexander Blok's "The Twelve," translated by Babette Deutsch and Abraham Yarmolinsky for the Freeman Pamphlets (Huebsch), is unfortunately quite as obscure and whirling as the blizzard which blows for its setting. The translators have furnished elaborate marginal notes to explain the poet's transitions, but at the best his piece is fitful. The Twelve are twelve Red Guards who push through a Petrograd snowstorm, angry, blind, "unblessed, uncaring, ripe for death and daring, pitying none," snarling at the bourgeois curs who stand hungry on the corners, shooting Kerensky renegades from their sleighs, until they find themselves led by a thirteenth figure, Christ—not the painted Savior of the Church, but a being bearing red, a divinely ruthless man "in mist-white roses garlanded." The allegory may be worth much or little; these frequent flashes of poetry are worth a good deal.

A. SAFRONI-MIDDLETON in his "South Sea Foam" (Doran) has somehow failed in a laudable attempt to blend the recklessness of Louis Becke and the romance of Herman Melville; has failed to fuse his representations of coral reefs washed by the lazy might of the ocean, of the solemn murmurings of fronds lit by the tropical moon, of the mournful droning of wailing native song, of slumbering eyes, of breasts and limbs glistening in the trembling half-radiance of the dusk, of crumpled flowers in the tossing hair of amorous island maidens. The terror and ecstasy of that weird realm of youth, its myths and glories, the epic of its fading races, the sense of uneasiness and unreality one feels in it, the intoxication of matchless cruelty, and the obsession of consuming sexuality that seem forever to possess the souls who roam its wastes—these Mr. Safroni-Middleton has not achieved. Fae-Fae the mad princess, Soogy the elfin singer, Fanga the lovely Will-o'-the-wisp, each put one back for an all too brief moment into a wondrous lost paradise of romance. But one doesn't stay put. The jerky transitions, the Bowdlerized legends, the tantalizing sequels that the author "can't tell," the dialect never heard on land or sea, the author's occasional verse, his irritating trick of announcing what he is going to relate "in the next chapter," the other horrid stigmata of the travel *pot pourri* of fifty years ago, contrive to trip the reader up time after time just as the magic joy of life is beckoning him farther into fairyland.

CERTAIN of the season's elaborately illustrated books for children have a physical aspect which makes small allowance for the size and strength of their public. For instance, a handsome collection of the "Old French Fairy Tales" (Penn) of the Countess de Segur, richly illustrated by Virginia Sterrett, has been issued as a folio volume weighing nearly four pounds. Decidedly the younger readers of this great book must assume the traditional posture on the hearth rug, chin propped on hands and feet in air. Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince and Other Tales" (Brentano's) appears in a new holiday dress, with the familiar illustrations by Charles Robinson which recall Arthur Rackham both in color and manner. Arthur Ransome follows up his "Russian Fairy Tales," one of the most satisfactory children's books in existence, by a rhymed version of "Aladdin" (Brentano's). The verse is smooth and spirited and the narrative full of the circumstance that enthrals readers of five or six years—and older. Mr. Mackenzie's very decorative illustrations add greatly to the desirability of the book, but the fact that they are loosely attached to separate sheets dooms them under children's uncertain fingers. In the Wyeth "Robinson Crusoe" (Cosmopolitan) we meet again one of the oldest and best of friends, with pleasant pictures by N. C. Wyeth. The illustrations which are meant to be the chief features of all of these volumes will appeal rather to grown-ups or larger children than to the smaller ones. They are too rich in detail, too decorative, to hold the attention of the ages under seven or eight which like better a simple outline or merely a silhouette.

TWO of the most interesting of the books called forth by the Pilgrim Tercentenary are reprints: John A. Goodwin's "The Pilgrim Republic" (Houghton Mifflin), which originally appeared in 1888, but which still remains a substantial authority, solidly grounded in the sources and yet popular in style; and William Bradford's "History of the Plymouth Settlement" (Dutton), which has been rendered into modern English by Harold Paget, with the inevitable loss of the Pilgrim quaintness and the large Elizabethan rhythms of the original, and yet with a gain in simplicity and order which may serve to bring this memorable book to the audience it can never cease to deserve.

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Drama

Convention and Revolt

The Famous Mrs. Fair and Other Plays. By James Forbes. George H. Doran Company.

Plays For Merry Andrews. By Alfred Kreymborg. The Sunwise Turn.

TO be natural one must be both humble and brave—humble enough to accept oneself as one really is, brave enough to expose that true self to the world. People try, on the contrary, to project a flattering image of themselves to others. But since they cannot better nature they construct that image according to false and baseless principles. It crumbles and their last estate is more pathetic than their first. These processes of individual behavior are often imitated in literature. Hence the recurrent cry of those in every period who care for an inner integrity, is "back to nature."

Mr. James Forbes is the fashionable American playwright of the hour. His earlier plays were great popular successes. "The Famous Mrs. Fair" has conciliated both the critics and his fellow dramatists. Banquets are given in his honor, rumor gives him a prize; he has been persuaded to risk the cold, gray light of print. The whole of this small stir is an unconscious but ignorant tribute to nature. For in "The Famous Mrs. Fair" Mr. Forbes is supposed to have fortified his relations to reality, to have achieved the good breeding that is truth, to have interpreted a bit of American life justly and with penetration.

What first strikes the attentive reader of Mr. Forbes's handsome volume is the poverty of observation. Two of the three plays deal with the little theatrical world in which he has been busy for twenty years. Yet he has not seen that world directly at all. The superficial bits of verisimilitude are pure veneer. He simply used lay-figures out of his immediate environment for the purpose of embodying stiff conventions—not the conventions of life that are sometimes observed and sometimes broken, nor those of art, but the quite unreal ones of that curious world of lower middle-class sentimentality that arose among certain authors of early Victorian England and has now found its home among us. In that world a chorus girl always says—or anyone else, indeed—"Gee, it's good to get home again," or "she's shy on knowing the difference between right and wrong," and a youth is described—every good youth—as "a splendid specimen of outdoor manhood." In that world "plot" means a universal suspension of common sense. "I can explain! But not now. You gotta trust me." Why must he trust her? Because Mr. Forbes cannot send home his audience at the end of Act Two.

These entertainments would be clearly negligible were Mr. Forbes not supposed to have broken boldly with his own past. Yet it is difficult to infer from "The Famous Mrs. Fair" that he has put on a new man or left the world of sentimental convention behind him. He is true to his old method of characterization: "A fine example of American youth." "Jeffery Fair represents the highest type of American man of affairs." Nor has Mr. Forbes changed his method of interpreting his fine examples. "You're not going to be a rotten snob about a man who fought for you," Allan Fair remarks to his sister. The inference is that it is improper for a young woman to doubt the eligibility of any ex-member of the A. E. F. The central moral incident of the play is not a bit more rational. We are asked to believe that during the four years' absence of a wife and mother her family remained virtuous and united, not because it was in the character of that family but because her absence was dictated by patriotic motives. So soon as she goes on a short trip for personal reasons the family morale snaps and she saves husband and daughter but in the nick of time. Mr. Forbes is not illustrating crowd-psychology in the individual. He embodies the theatric delusions of the crowd which any member of it, taken separately and honestly confronted, would at once declare to be violently untrue. Nature is hard to reach even for those who see her. To Mr. Forbes her face, like that of the idol of Sais, is veiled.

Where convention is so opaque, revolt is apt to be excessive. New art tends, in the words of a Greenwich Village wag, to be "too utterly but." There is no doubt that Mr. Alfred Kreymborg has both talent and intelligence. But he has not reached the stage of any clear communication. The lilt of these playlets haunts the ear but teases the mind. There is a vertigo in the oddly rhythmed prose. But the intentions are dark, and where the darkness lifts they seem perilously commonplace. Assuredly there is no inner warmth. The writing is moon-cold. Is it also moon-barren? Johnson declared the odes of Gray to be intolerably obscure. A distant year may rebuke us. Today Mr. Kreymborg seems to leap beyond nature as far as Mr. Forbes falls below.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers a Poetry Prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest to be conducted by *The Nation* between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, November 26, and not later than Saturday, January 1, plainly marked, on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscript submitted in this contest will under any circumstances be returned to the author, it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 200 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1921.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase any other poem submitted in the contest at its usual rates.

The judges of the contest are William Rose Benét, Ludwig Lewisohn, and Carl Van Doren. Poems, however, should in no case be sent to them personally.

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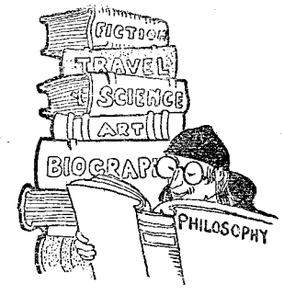

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International Relations Section

The Treaty of Rapallo

THE final settlement of the boundary line between Italy and Jugoslavia and of the question of Fiume, was brought about by the Treaty of Rapallo, the text of which, taken from *L'Europe Nouvelle* for November 28, follows:

The Kingdom of Italy, and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, desiring to establish between them a regime of sincere friendship and of cordial relations for the common good of the two countries; and the Kingdom of Italy recognizing in the formation of the neighboring state the realization of one of the highest aims of the war which it lately waged;

His Majesty the King of Italy has named as his plenipotentiaries M. Giovanni Giolitti, President of the Council of Ministers and Minister of the Interior; Count Sforza, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Professor Iv. Bonomi, Minister of War.

And His Majesty the King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes has named as his plenipotentiaries M. Milenko Vesnitch, President of the Council of Ministers; Dr. Ante Trumbic, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Costa Stojanovic, Minister of Finance, who, having communicated their full powers, found good and valid, have agreed as follows:

ARTICLE I. The following frontier is established between the Kingdom of Italy and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes:

[A description of the line indicated on the accompanying map, from the Austrian frontier to the sea, is here given.]

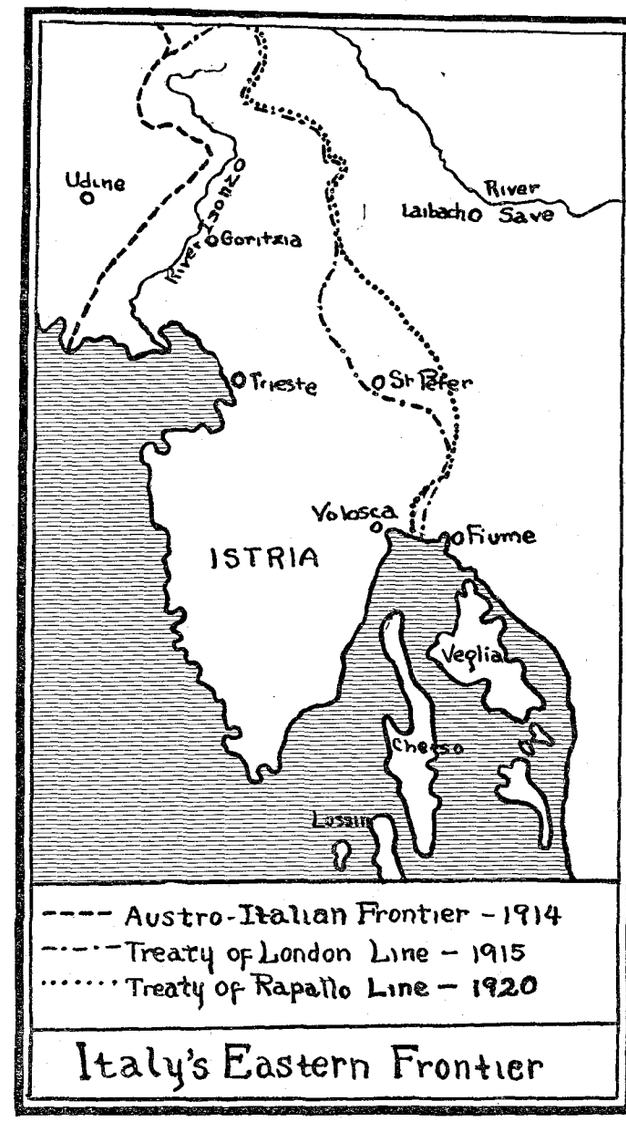
ARTICLE II. Zara and the territory hereinafter mentioned are recognized as forming part of the Kingdom of Italy. The territory of Zara placed under Italian sovereignty includes the city and the commune (*commune censitaire*) of Zara and the similar communes of Borgo Erizzo, Cerno, Bocca, Grazzo, and that part of the commune of Diclo bounded by a line leaving the sea about 700 meters south of Diclo and passing due north to Hill 66 (Grue). A special convention will establish the relations, as concerns this article, of the commune of Zara with the district and province of Dalmatia. It will regulate the neighborly relations between the territory assigned to the Kingdom of Italy and the remainder of the territory hitherto forming part of the same commune, the same district, and the same province, belonging to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, including the distribution of provincial and communal property and the archives relating to them.

ARTICLE III. The islands of Cherso and Lussin with the minor islands and rocks included in the judiciary district of these islands are also recognized as forming part of the Kingdom of Italy. The same is true for the minor islands and rocks included within the administrative limits of the province of Istria in so far as they are hereinbefore attributed to Italy, and for the islands of Lagosta and Pelagosa, and the adjacent small islands.

All the other islands which belonged to the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy are recognized as forming part of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

ARTICLE IV. The Kingdom of Italy and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes recognize the full freedom and independence of the State of Fiume, and agree to respect it in perpetuo.

The State of Fiume is formed by the Corpus Separatum as it is at present bounded by the city limits and the limits of the district of Fiume, and by a strip of Istrian territory bounded as follows: on the north, by a line to be fixed on the spot, passing immediately south of Castua, meeting the San Mattia-Fiume road and the limit of the Corpus Separatum, leaving the places known as Sordocci, north of Nostri, to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and leaving the entire road north of the Mattuglie railway line and of the Rupa crossroad on Hill 377 west of Castua to the State of



Fiume; on the west, by a line descending from Mattuglie toward the sea to Preluci, leaving the railway station and town of Mattuglie in Italian territory.

ARTICLE V. The boundaries of the territories fixed in the preceding articles shall be drawn on the spot by a boundaries commission formed half and half of delegates of the Kingdom of Italy and of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. In case of disagreement, the President of the Swiss Confederation will be asked to arbitrate, and there will be no appeal from his verdict. . . .

ARTICLE VI. The Kingdom of Italy and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes will call a conference composed of technical experts of the two countries within two months of the date when the present treaty comes into force. This conference should, as soon as possible, propose to the two governments a definite and documented project for more cordial economic and financial relations between the two countries.

ARTICLE VII. The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes declares that it recognizes in favor of Italian subjects and interests in Dalmatia the following rights:

1. Economic concessions granted to Italian subjects or societies by the government or public bodies to which the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes has succeeded, and held by them by virtue of legal papers granted prior to November 12, 1920, shall be fully respected; the Government of the Serbs,

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Croats, and Slovenes agrees to maintain all the obligations contracted by previous governments.

2. The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes agrees that citizens who up to November 3, 1919 belonged to territories of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy which in accordance with the treaties of peace with Austria and with Hungary and with the present treaty are recognized as forming part of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, shall have the right to opt for Italian nationality within one year from the coming into effect of the present treaty; and it exempts them from obligation to transfer their domicile outside of the aforesaid Kingdom. These citizens shall have free use of their language, and free exercise of their religion, with all the rights inherent therein.

3. Doctorates and other university degrees already obtained by citizens of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes in Italian universities or higher schools, shall be recognized by the Government of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes as valid in its territory, and such degrees will be equivalent to similar degrees of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. A later agreement will regulate the validity of higher courses taken by Italian subjects in that Kingdom, and vice versa.

ARTICLE VIII. In the interest of sound intellectual and moral relations between the two countries, the two governments will, as soon as possible, fix the terms of a convention seeking to encourage a more intense development of intimate mutual intellectual relations between the two countries.

ARTICLE IX. The present treaty is in two copies, one in Italian, the other in Serbo-Croatian. In case of disagreement, the Italian text will be valid, being in a language known by all the plenipotentiaries. In faith whereof the undersigned plenipotentaries have signed this treaty.

Done at Rapallo, November 12, 1920.

(Signed) GIOVANNI GIOLITTI
CARLO SFORZA
IVANOE BONOMI
MILANO VESNITCH
ANTE TRUMBIC
KOSTA STOJANOVIC

The Little Entente Agreement

THE following "Defensive Convention" between Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia, translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris) of November 28, is the basis of the "Little Entente" between those two Powers and Rumania, which has been heralded as pointing to a realignment in Central Europe.

Firmly resolved to maintain the peace won at the cost of such great sacrifices, the peace sought by the covenant of the League of Nations, and to maintain the order established by the Treaty of the Trianon concluded June 4, 1920, between the Allied and Associated Powers on the one hand and Hungary on the other, His Majesty the King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and the President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, have agreed to conclude a defensive convention.

To this end they have named as their plenipotentiaries: For His Majesty the King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, M. Nintchilo Nintchitch, doctor of law, Minister of Commerce and Industry, Minister of Foreign Affairs ad interim; for the President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, M. Edward Benes, Minister of Foreign Affairs; who, having communicated their full powers found in good and due form, have agreed as follows:

ARTICLE I. In case of unprovoked attack by Hungary against one of the contracting parties, the other party agrees to support the party attacked in the manner provided for in Article II of the present convention.

ARTICLE II. The competent technical authorities of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, shall determine, by common accord, the arrangements necessary for the execution of the present convention.

ARTICLE III. Neither of the high contracting parties may conclude an alliance with a third Power without previously informing the other.

ARTICLE IV. The present convention shall be valid for two years from the day of the exchange of ratifications. When this period has expired, either of the contracting parties shall have the power to denounce the present convention. It will, however, remain in force for six months after denunciation.

ARTICLE V. The present convention shall be presented to the League of Nations in accordance with the covenant of the League of Nations.

ARTICLE VI. The present convention shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be presented at Belgrade as soon as possible.

In faith whereof the above-named plenipotentiaries have signed and apposed their seals.

Done at Belgrade, in two copies, August 14, 1920.

(Signed) DR. EDWARD BENES
DR. N. NINTCHITCH

The Blockade of Thought

IN an interesting protest against the intellectual blockade of Russia by the Entente Powers, published in the Petrograd *Trood*, organ of the Petrograd Council of Trades Unions, Professor N. Kamenshtshikov describes the recent achievements of Russian science.

If the Russian achievements in the field of social science seem to the Allied imperialists to be dangerous and likely to infect Europe with bolshevism, then we may ask enlightened Englishmen in what respect are the achievements and discoveries of the Soviet astronomers, mathematicians, physicists, meteorologists, chemists, and other scholars dangerous to world civilization? Why are we unable to transmit to the rest of the world for detailed investigation the discoveries of our observatories, which are of international importance, such as the Pulkov Observatory, the Main Physical Observatory of Petrograd, the Magnetic in Pavlovsk, the seismographic station of our Academy of Science? Why do they not send us the scientific instruments and implements which our scientific institute ordered long before the blockade? These instruments are already made but they are not sent to our scholars. And finally why does the Entente which reproaches Soviet Russia for the violation of international law, violate the decisions of international congresses of scholars which call for general scientific intercourse and an exchange of the results of scientific research between the scientific institutes of the whole world? The Entente does not allow scientific magazines, books, bulletins, telegrams about discoveries, circulars of international scientific institutes to pass into Soviet Russia.

That these acts of the Allies are tending to strangle thought and knowledge can be proved by a great number of facts. . . .

On September 1, 1919, M. Selivanov discovered a new comet in the constellation of Cepheus. On September 3 a wireless was sent out to the world from the Tzarskoi Selo radio station in the Russian, German, French, and English languages. A special communication was published in all Soviet papers. We do not know whether the Entente censorship allowed this message to reach the world, nor do we know whether this comet was observed by others. We do not know even to whom belongs the priority of the discovery.

Later our astronomer from Pulkov, M. Tikhov, found a new method of defining the type of comet by comparison of spectra. He thus showed that this new comet belongs to the type discovered by Brooks in 1911. We are unable to transmit this discovery to the scholars of the world for further investigation and verification.

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During the last opposition of Mars in 1920 the Pulkov Observatory on May 9 discovered on Mars a cloud of fog. The cloud was of such dimensions that all the habitual details of Mars disappeared in it. This indicated that an enormous tempest had broken out on the planet. . . .

Our famous astro-physicist, Kostinski, has this year for the first time in history made in the Pulkov Observatory a photographic picture of the satellites of the planet Uranus. This achievement is of tremendous world importance because it will lay a foundation for the verification of the movements of planets' satellites in general. Such a verification had already been made several years ago in the Berlin Academy of Science, when the same Kostinski made the discovery of some of Mars's satellites.

The seismographic station of our Academy of Science registered on June 5, a great catastrophic earthquake in Alaska and northern Japan. Our seismographs thus broke the blockade, registered the earthquake and even the place of it.

I must make mention of the discovery and observation of new stars, of changes in the brightness of the parallaxes of some stars, of the vacillation of latitude, of the discovery by the academician Bielopolski of the rate of speed of Jupiter's satellites.. . . .

Can one remain quiet at the following fact which reveals the real "Kultur-Traegerism" of the civilized Allies? Before the blockade the Pulkov Observatory placed an order in England for a large reflector with a diameter of one meter, one reflector 32 inches in diameter, a spectrograph with a 7 meter focal distance, and an objective of 13 meter focal distance.

All these enormous instruments were ready, loaded on a boat, but the civilized English imperialists did not allow them to be shipped to Russia and took them off the ship. . . .

For 1921 our observatories have not a single yearbook and for 1920 we had only two copies for all Soviet Russia, one in Pulkov and the other in Moscow. The Kazan Observatory had to copy this yearbook—a volume of about 500 pages. These yearbooks are generally distributed by the international institutes five years ahead for use in regular research work. We are compelled to abridge our programs of research because we lack photographic plates. We shall soon have to stop all our work in celestial photography and the work of our seismographs, some of which are the most sensitive in the world.

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